

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 26, 1959

*America's National Sports Weekly*

25 CENTS

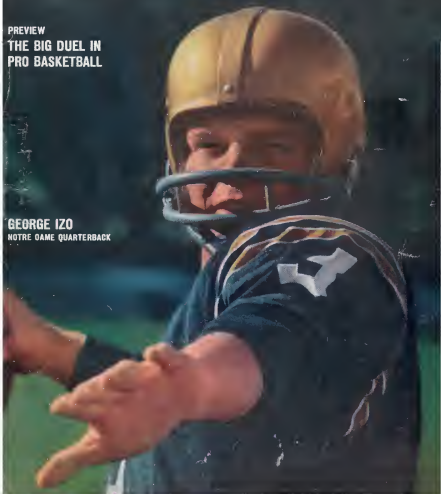
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PREVIEW

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GEORGE IZO

NOTRE DAME QUARTERBACK



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Cover: George Izo ▶

George Izo of Notre Dame is the coach's dream of the ideal quarterback. For a report on how his career has fared at South Bend, turn to page 80.

Photograph by Arthur Daley

## Next week



▶ Four pages of color pictures of the Eldorado Country Club golf course, a dazzling setting in California's desert for next month's Ryder Cup matches.

▶ The tragic story of the decline of American wildlife and of efforts to save it is told by Peter Matthiessen in the first of several SPORTS ILLUSTRATED studies on conservation.

▶ Football's Sixth Week: The surprises are only half over as the collegiate season enters its final month. Reports on the major games, along with the color picture of the week.

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## MEMO from the publisher

**F**EW members of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's staff hold the honor of having an athletic performer named after them, as far as I know. But it does belong to Jeremiah Tax, who in this issue has prepared the professional basketball preview. Here he is, visibly and proudly attached to the latest member of his clan.

The only four-legged Tax has the first name of Meadow and is a yearling pacer of distinguished heritage. His sire, Dudley Hanover, is one of the leading alltime money winners, won the Little Brown Jug in 1950 and seven times paced a mile in less than 2 minutes, a feat known in harness circles as the miracle mile.

When he is not covering basketball, Jerry Tax is likely to be making the rounds of the nearly 500 tracks which are the circuit of the booming sport of harness racing. Along the way he'll see his close friend, Delvin Miller, trainer, driver and breeder, whom Jerry has culled "the finest all-round horseman that sulky racing has ever produced" (SI, June 30, 1958), a judgment that starts no arguments. Del Miller returned the compliment in two words: Meadow Tax. Jerry asserts that his namesake was the biggest bargain of the Delaware Yearling Sale, where he went to William Connolly for \$1,300. If that starts an argument, it will have to wait for settlement until next year when Meadow Tax enters his first race.

I asked Jerry if he preferred to cover harness racing or basketball. "I've asked the question myself, and so



THE TAXES: MEADOW AND JERRY

have a lot of others," Jerry said. "I like them both, of course. There is one thing. Horses can't talk, and that makes it tougher. You'd like to interview them to find out what they've really been up to. I've never had much luck. It's hard to understand their language."

But basketball players can talk. Two who have been talking to Tax for a number of years are Wilt Chamberlain and the Boston Celtics' great Bill Russell. In his preview, Tax foresees an epic rivalry between Chamberlain, the most publicized basketball player in history, who now starts his professional career with Philadelphia, and Russell, perhaps the most superb defensive player the game has known.

As you will see, Jerry Tax understands their language—straight from the horse's mouth.

*Arthur Murphy*

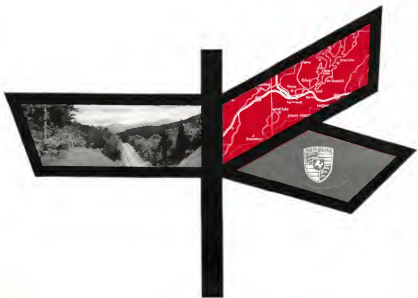
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## Jimmy Jemai's HOTBOX



**THE QUESTION:** What do you think of the new Aqueduct? Asked at the new Aqueduct track)



**ROCKY GRAZIANO**  
Long Beach, N.Y.  
Former Middleweight Champion

Boy, this is some layout. Just look at that big colored grandstand and all those good-looking women. I'd say the whole joint is a knockout. But I'd be satisfied with just a couple of winners. You can have the décor. It doesn't put money in my pocket.



**MRS. GEORGE G. JOHNSTONE**  
New York City  
Model

The tremendous stands are beautiful and virtually perfect, architecturally. You can see your money go from any angle. Simsbury or other, the plant reminds me of the First National City Bank. The only difference is that they take your money but don't give you interest.

*continued*





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 (Continued on inside front cover)



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NOTES continued



**FRANK CERUTTI**  
New York City  
Manhattan restaurant owner

I think it's fantastic. But it's so enormous that I'm lost. It's like the Pentagon in Washington, where I got lost for an hour. I was at home at old Aqueduct and in the hot remnant of Jamaica. Here it's such a long way from the rail to the \$2 window that it discourages me from betting every race.



**JACK BRADY**  
New York City  
Life adventurer

After getting to the stands, I expected to see the cul-de-sac on the field, the Baltimore Colts, Aqueduct is certainly big enough for a football stadium. It would be simple to add enough seats so we could bid for the Army-Navy football game or have the Series out here. Nothing is impossible in a place this big.



**MRS. STEPHEN SANFORD**  
Palm Beach, Fla.

The stands are enormously big and certainly will accommodate all the people who want to come. Personally, I miss the charm of Saratoga and Belmont. Those tracks were built primarily for sport. But Aqueduct is all business. It's been labeled the dream track. A better name would be the people's track.



**MRS. AVERELL HARRIMAN**  
New York City

It's probably the most efficient track in the country. However, it is so new. The charm of Belmont is missing, but I am confident that will come with the years. The stands are already so beautiful that the owners of the houses across from the track have a prettier view than people enjoy in the grandstand.

continued



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**McCahill & Friends** Tom McCahill is a gentlemanly giant with a deep affection for things four-wheeled and four-legged. His understanding of the former has made him one of the world's foremost automotive test drivers and reporters. Happily, his highly trenchant observations on the virtues and foibles of some four hundred automobile makes and models, published in national magazines, have enabled him to spend an enviable amount of time (twelve months or so a year, say) with such delightful companions as Nodak's Boji Boy, Dinah, Moose, Pinney and the 4-wheel drive Land-Rover. This ten passenger station wagon was purchased by Tom shortly after completing a Land-Rover test for *Mechanix Illustrated*, in which he concluded: "The Land-Rover is a class vehicle from one end to the other, made by one of the most respected companies in the entire industry. In a few words, this car is capable, gutsy, and as rugged as a cement casket." After acquiring his Land-Rover, Tom rephrased his own personal interest as follows: "I bought the big station wagon for field trial work and hunting. It's a great vehicle!" In addition to its many private uses, Land-Rovers are employed in an almost endless variety of occupations the world over—in farming and industry, in the armed services of twenty-three countries and the police forces of thirty-one. The versatility and value engineered into this remarkable vehicle will amaze you. Why not test drive a Land-Rover today?



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ple discovered so quickly the pleas-  
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ardent participation in sport."

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## Sherwood Forest Revisited

WHEN FIREARMS WERE INVENTED, pessimists probably predicted that hunting with a bow and arrow would soon pass into oblivion. But archery has always attracted a loyal, if small, following—whether for fun or for food. And within the last few years, we at A&F have noted a real renaissance of interest in this exacting sport throughout the United States.

Few sports offer a challenge equal to that of bow hunting: trying to outwit wily deer at their own game of moving inconspicuously through the woods. Because the limitations of the bow require shooting at close range (the average distance is thirty yards) and in fairly open territory, the successful bow hunter must be a cautious and patient woodsman—as well as an accurate shot.

Unlike the gun hunter, the bow hunter is almost always on his own. In a typical day, he may practice a combination of three basic tactics: runway watching, still hunting and stalking. The specific technique varies with the territory, the weather, the time of day—and happenstance.

Every second an accomplished bow hunter is in the field, he is conscious of the protective defenses

with which deer are naturally endowed: an acute sense of smell, sensitive hearing and keen sight. So, however he seeks his quarry, he must stay down wind, move quietly (damp weather is ideal) and keep under cover.

Just how difficult all this can be was proved by records compiled in Michigan several years ago. At the end of a season, it turned out that one in twenty bowmen had got his deer, while the record for gun hunters was one in three.

As in all types of hunting, three factors make for success with a bow and arrow. First comes practice. Target archers, field archery and shooting in the woods at random objects from various positions develop confidence and skill. Next is familiarity with the terrain. A preliminary investigation of feeding and bedding areas eliminates guesswork while hunting.

The third, of course, is good, appropriate tackle, which has been an A&F specialty for many years. Included in our complete selection for all types of archers are bows of the proper specification for every sportsman—together with perfectly matched arrows. And, as usual, we're ready with sound advice on this truly challenging, but uniquely rewarding, sport.

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## SCOREBOARD continued

### faces in the crowd . . .



KAREL FAGEROS, 25, as well known for her gold pants as for her tennis abilities, and Akiba Gabson, Wimbledon and U.S. titleholder in 1957-58, both turned pro, will begin 16-week trial tour on Dec. 29.

JUAN CASTELLAR, Puerto Rican angler, set new world record by landing 532-pound blue marlin on 50-pound test line, in process won the International Game Fish contest at San Juan for Fishing Club at Arecibo.



PAT SMITHWICK, 32, three times leading steerchase jerkey, boarded 16-year-old Aries, trained by Pat's brother Mike, took fight to win Aqueduct's \$19,225 Brook Steerchase (see p. 26).

LEAH NEUSCHER, table tennis champion from New York City, pumpeyed her way to victory in the women's singles, doubles and mixed doubles in Central Canada Open championships at Niagara Falls, Ont.



JIMMIE RODGERS, rodeo's all-time money winner and this year's leading all-around cowboy, came out on top, as expected, in the buck-brake horse riding contest for fourth straight year at Madison Square Garden rodeo.

TERESA PAGAN, 22, middleweight boxer from New York City, outpointed Neil Shaw at the Royal Albert Hall in London, earned a 5-0 draw for U.S. in first dual meet between New York and London amateurs.



EDDIE MUNN, captain All-America guard for Minnesota and now the athletic director at Michigan State, after seven years as head coach, was enshrined with nine others in football's Hall of Fame at Rutgers.

# FOOTBALL'S 5TH WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

For the first time this season, virtually all the major teams played fairly true to form. Louisiana State and Mississippi held firm in the South while Auburn turned on Georgia Tech and badly disturbed the Engineers' dreams of a Southeastern Conference championship. The turbulent Big Ten was headed up by unbeaten Northwestern with surprising Illinois in second place after Ohio State beat Purdue and Wisconsin shocked Iowa. Texas barely held off Arkansas to lead the unpredictable Southwest Conference, and

Faced with a determined Kentucky defense, LSU took its cue from the rollicking Chinese Bandits and squeaked past the eager but outmanned Wildcats 9-0 for its 17th straight win. Quarterback Warren Rabb's five-yard pass to Johnny Robinson and Wendell Harris' 38-yard field goal, his fourth of the season.

Meanwhile, Mississippi kept pace with LSU. Ole Miss spotted Tulane seven points, then bruised and battered the bundling Greenies 33-7. Fullback Charlie Flowers, operating behind the massive and mobile Rob line, crunched over for three scores.

Army, making part-time use of its walking wounded, turned loose its air arm to bomb Duke 21-6. Quarterback Joe Caldwell, flipping the ball with the aplomb and accuracy of a Johnny Unitas, made Lonely End Bill Carpenter—who grabbed nine of his special target and completed 14 of 21 for 173 yards.

Two other eastern teams were not so fortunate. Navy, still spluttering, was whipped by Miami and Quarterback Fran Curci 28-8; Pitt's Ivan Tancic, finding his backfield full of crashing West Virginia linemen, completed only six of 14 passes and had five others intercepted as Quarterback Danny Williams led the Mountaineers to a 23-15 victory.

In other games, Tennessee and Alabama fought to a 7-7 tie; Maryland converted its 11 formation into a spread in the last quarter and used it to defeat North Carolina 14-7; Georgia beat Mississippi State 1-0 to share the SEC lead with Mississippi; Vanderbilt knocked Florida out of the unbeaten ranks 13-6; Memphis State surprised favored Florida State 16-6; Wake Forest pulled out another squeaker, beating North Carolina State 17-14. The top three:

1. LSU (5-0)
2. MISSISSIPPI (4-0)
3. ARMY (3-1)

## THE EAST

Yale and Penn. completed two of the Ivy League's most unlikely ties—swept before the season started, were still causing raised eyebrows. The Elis fairly stunted against Cornell and struck down the Big Red 23-0 to stand alone as the only major unbeaten and undefeated team. Quarterback Tom Singleton (see page 81) kicked and passed Cornell into submission, and Yale left the impression that it will be difficult to cope with the rest of the season.

Penn had its goal line crossed for the first time, but the Quakers acted more like warmongers as they manhandled poor Brown 36-9 behind the running of Halfback Fred Doelling and force blocking of Fullback Jack Hanlon.

Charlie Raveland scored three times, but Harvard experienced its usual last-period jitters before overcoming Columbia 38-22; Princeton routed Colgate 45-7; Boston College dumped Dartmouth 35-12.

Listless at the start, Syracuse suddenly awoke as Halfback Gerhard Schwedes and Ernie Davis began to rumble and Quarterback Dave Sarotte and Dick Easterly found the passing range to batter Holy Cross 42-6. Quarterback Richie Lucas, who carries the Penn State load gracefully, did it again as the Nittany Lions held off Boston U. 23-12.

Backed upst baters 15-8; Rochester flushed out Vermont 27-6 for its 13th straight. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (4-0)
2. PENN STATE (3-0)
3. PENN (2-0)



**LINKMAN OF THE WEEK:** Auburn Tackle Ken Rice threw his substantial weight around against Georgia Tech, opened holes and threw key blocks in TD drive.

## THE MIDWEST

Northwestern stood alone at the top of the Big Ten, but the Wildcats were showing signs of wear and tear. Sandbagged by injuries which took Quarterback Dick Thornton out of action for the year and temporarily sidelined with Halfback Ron Burton, Northwestern lost some of its ebullience and had hard pressed before Michigan fell 20-7 (see page 82). Two better goal line stands, a 63-yard pass play from second-string Quarterback John Talley to Mark Johnston and an 85-yard searing sprint by Ray Pundin finally pulled the Wildcats through. Complained Coach Ara Parseghian, "We have to fight for our lives every ball game. Man, I tell you this is no way to make a living."

Ohio State's Woody Hayes, fed to the teeth with his race-matraz offense which had resulted in two straight shutouts for the Buckeyes, revived his patented split-T meat grinder and appreciatively watched it bury hopeful Purdue 15-0 (see page 81). Fullback Bob White, his old crunching self again, hammered the Boilermaker front wall for 111 yards while Quarterback Tom Matte ran 32 yards for a touchdown and Dave Kilgore kicked a 36-yard field goal. "It looked like the

nutcracker



**RACK OF THE WEEK:** Oregon Quarterback Dave Grist used his passing (12 for 21) and running skill to bring Air Force down to earth and keep the Ducks unbeaten.

USC, although shaken up a bit by Washington, kept its record clean in the West. Not so lucky was the Air Force, which bowed to undefeated Oregon. In the East, Rutgers unexpectedly fell before little Bucknell, but Syracuse, Penn State, Yale and Penn remained among the unbeaten.

## THE SOUTH

Auburn, having retreated into relative anonymity after Tennessee proved the Plainsmen to be vulnerable, finally got another shot at fame and made the most of it. Down 8-0 after Georgia Tech clerly pounced on a fumble and converted it into an 18-yard touchdown drive, the repentant War Eagles obediently carried out Coach Shug Jordan's half-time orders and went on to beat the Engineers 7-6 (see page 15). Scurrying from man-to-man to zone blocking, the monstrous Auburn forwards, led by 233-pound Tackle Ken Rice, Guard Zeke Smith and Center Jackie Burkett, effectively nailed down the stunting Tech linemen and opened gaping holes through which Sophomore Quarterback Bobby Hunt guided his runners on a 71-yard march to the tying touchdown. Hunt, himself, carried over from the six-yard line and Fullback Ed Dwyas placekicked the winning point.

good old days," rejoined Woody. "As the old philosopher says, when you get fancy, you get beat, so I went back to reading my book [on power football] and we won."

Wisconsin, too, had a win up its sleeve and humbled Iowa 25-16 despite the fact that Hawkeye Quarterback Olen Treadway set a new Big Ten record by completing 26 out of 41 passes for 304 yards. Coach Milt Bruhn figured the Iowa defense could be had if his Badgers, hitting hard out of the hilly series with an unbalanced line and man in motion, concentrated on the right side of the Hawkeye line. He was right, and left-handed Quarterback Dale Harkback thus exploited the visitors for a 25-0 lead. Treadway's pitching led to two scores, but they came too late to help the Hawkeyes.

Illinois' Ray Elliot, wending his merry way toward retirement, had another chuckle coming after the Illini picked off five Minnesota passes on the way to a 14-6 triumph. Guard Bill Burrell had a day to remember, making 16 tackles, recovering a fumble and intercepting a pass.

Michigan State Quarterback Dean Luck cheered Coach Duffy Daugherty's soul with a real stunner TV performance against Notre Dame, setting up one touchdown with a 41-yard dash and passing 32 yards for another as the Spartans whipped the Irish 19-0. Indiana had an easy time of it with Nebraska, shucking off the Cornhuskers 23-7.

Oklahoma, back in the comfortable confines of the Big Eight, needed time to get untracked against Missouri, but finally got the job done 21-6. Kansas, springing Halfback Curt McClellan for three touchdowns, routed Kansas State 33-14. The top three:

1. NORTHWESTERN (4-0)
2. SYRACUSE (3-0)
3. PURDUE (2-4-0)

## 5TH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

RECORD	TO	PAT	PTS		
Perry Atkins, N. Mex. State	5	1	0 55		
Almer Haynes, N. Texas State	7	4	0 49		
Nolan Jones, Arizona State	5	1	1 44		
RUSHED	Y	YDS.	AVG.		
Perry Atkins, N. Mex. State	76	547	7.2		
Tam Watson, Iowa State	89	457	5.7		
Almer Haynes, N. Texas State	47	410	8.7		
PASSING	S	G	PCT.	YDS.	TD
Dick Norman, Stanford	121	45	53.7	748	5
Joe Caldwell, Army	87	56	64.4	692	6
Peir Hall, Marquette	108	56	51.9	713	2
TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.		
Dick Norman, Stanford	23	786	809		
Ricchie Lucas, Penn State	196	533	729		
Joe Caldwell, Army	8	492	700		
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.		
North Texas State	339	2,084	417		
Iowa	295	1,846	412		
Syracuse	321	1,620	406		
TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.		
Syracuse	189	292	86		
Pennsylvania	211	469	122		
LSU	288	637	131		



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK: TCU's Jackie Sledge (left), whose coach admits he "can't run, pass or defend," nevertheless got the Frogs moving; Syracuse's Ernie Davis, hailed as "new Jim Brown," ran 40 yards for touchdowns against Holy Cross.

## THE WEST

Washington fans went wild when Quarterback Bob Schloredt, a talented work horse, blasted through the tough USC line to put the Huskies ahead 15-14 in the last quarter. But the Trojans responded with an 80-yard drive that left the home team gasping and beaten 22-13. Quarterback Willie Wood led the late charge, going over from the six-yard line.

The Air Force Falcons finally had their claws dulled and were grounded by speedy Oregon 20-3 (see page 80). Duck Quarterback Dave Gross caught the Falcons cold with a 50-yard scoring pitch to Cleveland Jones, and sub Fullback Harry Needham did the rest.

UCLA had too many Smiths: Ray and Earl, in particular, for California and muzzled the Bears 19-12. Washington State gave Stanford's Dick Norman all the passing time he needed but limited his effectiveness by flooding the secondary as the Cougars won 36-19. The top three:

1. USC (4-0)
2. OREGON (4-0)
3. WASHINGTON (4-1)

## THE SOUTHWEST

The Southwest Conference, where form is so lightly regarded that a victory by a favorite is considered an upset, began to wonder what was in store for league-leading Texas. Struggling to stay alive after Arkansas had taken 17 lead into the last quarter, the Longhorns got the break they needed when Quarterback Lance Alworth fumbled a fair catch on his own 31-yard line. Quickly moving to the attack, Texas pulled it out 13-12 on Bart Shirley's short pass to Jack Collins.

TCU's slumbering giant, prodded by Jackie Sledge, an obscure senior quarterback, finally came alive to blow Texas A&M 35-6. SMU's Don Meredith could not do it alone and Rice caught the Mustangs for a 13-13 tie. Baylor turned Texas Tech miscues into a 14-7 triumph.

North Texas State, the nation's most prolific ground-gainer, added to its statistics while swamping Penn State's Naval Air Station 43-0. The top three:

1. TEXAS (3-0)
2. ARKANSAS (4-1)
3. RBW (2-4-0)

## RED GRANGE PREDICTS

### Syracuse vs. West Virginia

West Virginia was up for Pitt, but Syracuse power will end off the Mountaineers. The Orangemen hit too hard and too often and will remain unbeaten. SYRACUSE.

### Pitt vs. TCU

TCU has jugged up its attack, and the big, tough Horned Frog line is ready to prove that not even Pitt's able Ivan Tomic can pass from a prone position. TCU.

### Texas vs. Rice

Tremendous over-all speed, spectacular sophomores and good depth will carry the undefeated Longhorns past a Rice team that could be tough to beat. TEXAS.

### Florida vs. LSU

The Gators have been pointing for this one. A great spot for an upset, but how can you pick against the Bengals and their overwhelming manpower? LSU.

### Mississippi vs. Arkansas

The first real test for Ole Miss. Although Arkansas will be a match for the Rebs up front, Charlie Flowers gives Mississippi the edge on attack. MISSISSIPPI.

### Purdue vs. Iowa

Both were upset last week, and it is simply a question of which team can bounce back best. This is the NCAA TV game, so I won't pick it.

### Wisconsin vs. Ohio State

No longer fans, Ohio State will pin its hopes on Bob White's line-blasting to overcome Dale Harkback's passing. Only because the Badgers are playing at home, WISCONSIN.

### Nebraska vs. Northwestern

Injuries have hurt both teams, and the Irish haven't been able to overcome a weakness at the tackles. Better reserves will win again for NORTHWESTERN.

### USC vs. Stanford

Stanford has only Dick Norman's passing to offer against USC's hard-charging line. It won't be enough as the Trojans add to their prestige as the best in the West. USC.

### Washington vs. Oregon

This game will pit Oregon's speed against Washington's surlier defense. The Huskies nearly upset USC and I'll have to go with them in a close one. WASHINGTON.

### UCLA vs. Air Force

The Air Force may have gone too far too fast. UCLA can score as well as defend and will handle Ricchie Mayo's passing UCLA.

LARRY NIVEN'S PREDICTIONS:

1 RIGHT, 3 WRONG

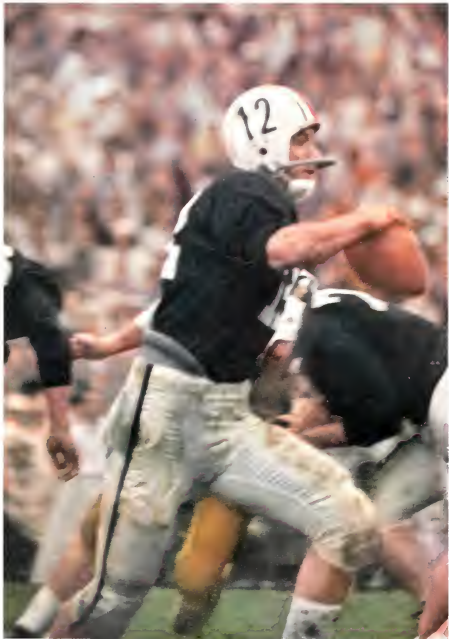
SECONDS TO RATE: 31-1-1



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# A WARRR EEEGLE FOR BOBBY HUNT

by KENNETH RUDEEN

**Even Atlanta cheered an elusive  
back end a tramandous line as  
Georgia Tech fell before Auburn  
on a rainy Saturday down south**

WHEN A MAN wants the world to know that he is partial to the football team of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute—Auburn to you and me—he rears back and yells “WARRR EEEGLE” at the top of his lungs. When in Atlanta for a football weekend he tends to do this on or in the vicinity of Peachtree Street, the main stem, where he is most likely to raise the hackles of the greatest number of Auburn-hating Atlantans. Neither Atlantan nor Auburnite knows exactly why the cry is War Eagle; an Auburn scholar who recently decided to investigate the old mystery says he was persuaded to stop the quest by influential Auburn people who did not want to know. They just naturally wanted to yell “War Eagle” when the spirit moved them, and hang the egghead explanations.

Raised hackles were a penny a gross and scalpers’ tickets \$75 a pair last weekend in the city of Margaret Mitchell and Bob Jones. A big, roughhouse Auburn team, led by the ed-alloppery sophomore Quarterback Bobby Hunt (left), came to town and just did defeat the previously unbeat-

en Yellow Jackets of Georgia Tech 7-6. Followers of Auburn naturally War Eagle’d it far into the night, for this was a very special Tech team—a team very much like baseball’s White Sox—which was accustomed to working tiny miracles and frustrating opponents with a magnificent defense.

Tech, although possessed of perhaps the proudest football heritage in Dixie, was widely ignored by pressmen diviners of eminent teams. Consequently there was no little surprise when the Yellow Jackets buzzed off to consecutive victories over Kentucky (14-12), Southern Methodist (16-12), Clemson (16-6) and Tennessee (14-7), which had thumped mighty Auburn 3-0 to end the latter’s streak of 24 games without a defeat. Such success was all the more surprising in view of Tech’s great dependence on sophomores and its rather staggering sick list.

A visitor to the realm of the Rambling Wreck last week soon discovered that Tech was doing it not with mirrors but with 1) the scorched-earth policy of Coach Robert Lee Dodd, a man who is fast on the conversational drawl but far from impetuous in battle and is a mint-new member of the Football Hall of Fame for his quarterbacking at Tennessee in the late ’20s; 2) a depth of useful raw material not uncommon in the tough Southeastern Conference; and 3) a

flaming team spirit which, if Navy had not already patented the term in 1954, would make this squad known as Tech’s Team of Desire.

This season all Dodd’s chillun are infused with a quality of dedication and oneness that is something fierce.

“This is a team,” declared George C. Griffin, dean of the 5,509 men and 47 coeds of Georgia Tech, “which says, ‘We don’t care how big you are or how small you are; just come on out here and we’ll give you more than you can say grace over.’”

The phenomenal thing about Tech as it moved bumptiously into the season was the timeliness with which some of the unlikely players became heroes.

The team often made mistakes, as young teams will, and just as often made amends with spine-tingling heroics. And always at the calm center of the storm blowing out of The Flats, where history-rich Grant Field stands, downslope from the mixed bag of Romanesque, collegiate Gothic and contemporary campus buildings on The Hill, was a whale of a football center with the improbable name of Maxie Calloway Baughan Jr.

A slim-hipped, broad-backed, red-faced, hard-nosed young man who hails from the steel town of Bessemer, Ala., Maxie Baughan is the physical and spiritual leader of the Yellow Jackets. He’ll never be a matinee idol, for beneath his crew-cut thatch of reddish hair is the face of a journeyman prizefighter; but handsome is as handsome does. Baughan put his steel-sinewed 218 pounds behind 94 tackles last year, 50 more than his closest Tech competitor.

Baughan enrolled on The Hill partly because of Tech’s splendid football

In this photograph from Saturday’s rain-soaked thriller at Atlanta, the blossoming sophomore quarterback of Auburn, Bobby Hunt, sprints away for seven yards against Georgia Tech in the second

quarter after deciding not to pass. Hunt later engineered the Tigers’ 71-yard, third-quarter scoring march in their impressive 7-6 defeat of Tech and triumphantly scored the touchdown himself.

Photograph by Marvin E. Newman

continued on page 89

## COLOR OF THE WEEK: A SOGGY RUN TOWARD FAME

# HERE COMES THE BIG FELLOW AT LAST

Professional basketball opens its season this week with the long-awaited debut of Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain

By JEREMIAH TAX

FRAMED BY powerful arms that stretch 91 inches from finger tip to finger tip, one massive hand cradling the basketball as if it were a small grapefruit, the long, glistening torso giving evidence of his great total height, Wilt Chamberlain prepares to fire a one-hander (*opposite*) as he works out for his professional debut with the Philadelphia Warriors this week. It is a sight that brings shudders to rival camps around the National Basketball Association.

The best guess is that Wilt is 7 feet 2 inches tall. It is a guess, because there has never been an official, public measurement of this giant of a man. But there have been taller basketball players in recent years, and it is not Wilt's height alone that inspires fear and respect among prospective opponents. The important thing is that he is also a strong, fast, well-coordinated athlete. Consider the following: he has run the quarter mile in 49 seconds flat, bettered 6 feet 7 in the high jump, put the shot 51 feet, can lift 265 pounds in the clean-and-jerk and 210 in the military press. For none of these feats did Chamberlain prepare himself through normal training; they were casual, offhand achievements by an athlete who has always devoted his free time and effort to basketball.

As a teen-age boy he was already a fine player at Philadelphia's Over-

brook High, where he set all manner of scoring and rebounding records. In his first game as a collegian at Kansas, he blocked a dozen shots and scored 52 points against a 6-foot-10 opponent who said afterward: "He made me feel like a little boy out there." In preseason exhibition games thus far against NBA teams, his performances have brought similar comment. St. Louis' Clyde Lovelette, 6 feet 9 and one of the best shooters in the game, says: "A small man like me doesn't have much chance with Wilt. He's the toughest offensive pivot man in the league right now and he hasn't played his first official game." Much of Chamberlain's value to a team is obvious, even to nonbasketball fans. But a great deal more can be simply described. Because of his quickness, reach and great spring, he is a constant threat to all rival players, not just the man he is assigned to guard. The best of opposing shooters must carefully note where Wilt is before firing or risk having the ball batted clear of the basket. His own teammates, therefore, can often play their men loosely and gamble on stealing the ball because Chamberlain is sure to be around to help them if they fail. This is a luxury that players for the Boston Celtics have enjoyed for several years now, because the great Bill Russell performs a similar function on that team.

Inevitably, comparisons between the two men—Russell and Chamberlain—were being made by fans, coaches and players even before Philadelphia and Boston met for the first time. Lovelette and Minneapolis' Jim Krebs, who have faced both, agree that Wilt is the better on offense. On defense, Krebs says, "I think Russell has better timing. He's not afraid to commit himself because he can recover and still block anything you put up."

Boston's Bill Sharman says, "Wilt will be great, but he may turn out to be the best thing that's happened to our team. We don't know, and Russell doesn't really know himself, just how good he can be. He's never been challenged this way. Wilt will push him to his limit."

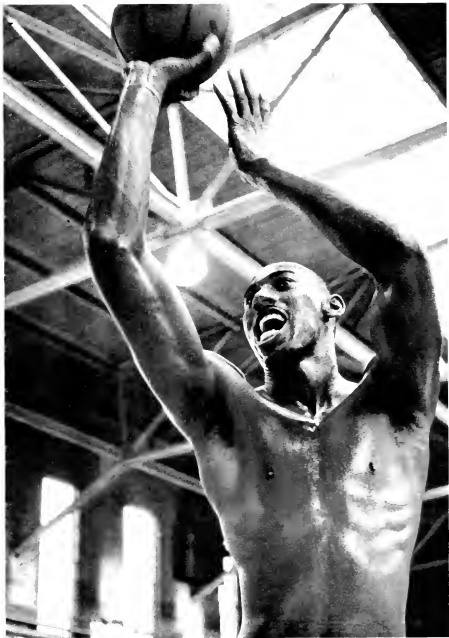
Chamberlain, of course, has never been seriously challenged either. He has worked hard in training, carefully absorbing all he has to learn about pro-style basketball, obviously determined to live up to the advance notices which say he can be the best player the game has yet produced. His own opinion: "I don't think I have any disadvantages (as a pro) that time won't take care of. I don't plan to do anything particular about Russell or anyone else. I'm just doing everything I can to be ready for everybody. I'm playing them all alike. And they all better be mean."

*Photograph by James Drake*

GOOKING AN EYE nearly at a level with the basket, Wilt fires a practice jumper.

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES, A PREVIEW OF ALL EIGHT NBA TEAMS





## MAN ON A POGO STICK

John Green will try to correct the one flaw in the armor of the New York Knickerbockers—inconsistency at the center post. A mere 6 feet 5, Green can rebound like a man on a pogo stick, but whether he also can put the ball in the basket with the regularity demanded of pros is the big question. On the answer rests the Knicks' strategy for the season and likely their chances of winning a berth in the playoffs.



## LITTEST LEADER

Smallest man in pro hall at 5 feet 10, Slater Martin is the mainspring that makes the St. Louis Hawks tick. He is also 34 years old and now takes days instead of hours to recover from minor injuries. When he was hurt last year the Hawks were knocked out of the playoffs by a Minneapolis team they had previously beaten eight times in 12 games. He is the clearest proof that good team play requires a strong leader.



## NOT ROUGH— UNLESS

Handsome Rookie Bailey Howell, an all-American-boy type who was an All-America at Mississippi State, is the Detroit Pistons' bright hope—if he can handle the rough front-courtmen lying in wait around the league. Says he: "I'm not going to let them push me around, you know. But I'm not going to have a fit about it, you know? I don't want to say too much, but I won't play rough unless they do." They will.

## QUAKER CITY'S TALL DREAM

For many Philadelphians, Wilt Chamberlain already looms larger than the statue of William Penn atop City Hall. Not quite as tall, he often appears so to rival players when he blocks their shots. He is known by many names on this city's playgrounds, where he learned to play basketball—The Stilt, The Dipper, Dippy and just plain Willie—but to the Philadelphia Warriors he is simply a very big dream come true.



CONTINUED

## BANKRUPTCY INTO SOLVENCY

Elgin Baylor's importance to the Minneapolis Lakers can be deduced from one incident. Last month, while Baylor was on duty with the Army at Fort Sam Houston, all the rest of the Lakers flew to Texas to practice with him, on the reasonable theory that there was no sense in practicing without him. Last year, in his rookie season, he brought Minneapolis from last place and bankruptcy to second place and solvency.



## LIKE HAM AND EGGS

A perfect mesh of talent and temperament, of guile and power, Boston's Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman have made up the best backcourt in basketball for eight straight seasons. They may be at their peak or they may be beginning to slow down; whichever is true, another world title for Boston hangs in the balance. Bob is 31, Bill 33, in a game that penalizes a man severely for the slightest dimming of reflexive speed.



## SHOOTING TWSOME

The man with the least hair in basketball (George Yardley) and the man with the most (Dolph Schayes) are the most potent scoring pair in the NBA. Between them, too, they give Syracuse every shot in the book and should give rivals a merry chase for high-point honors. Though veterans, they are together for the first full season, a leavening of ripe experience on a team composed largely of fast, eager youngsters.

## LONESOME JACK

Jack Twyman is apparently doomed to wait for the day Oscar Robertson finally gets around to joining the Royals before he'll have a teammate worthy of his mettle. Certainly Jack is the only Royal player who could win a position on any other club in the league—which is one way of saying that this team will be lucky to do as well as it did last year. That record was, sadly: won 19, lost 53—poorest in both divisions of NBA.

FOR DETAILED SCOUTING  
REPORTS, TURN THE PAGE



## BOSTON

*Last season: Won 55, lost 26; first in East  
Top scorer: Bill Sharman, 20.4 average  
Top rebounder: Bill Russell, 23.0 average*

The Celtics are the world champions and they can hardly be better than they were last year when they took a long early lead, held it for three months and then breezed past Minneapolis in four straight games for the title. This year's champions will be the team that can beat Philadelphia and Wilt Chamberlain, and the Celtics surely have the best chance in the East. They have balanced scoring power: up front they have Tom Heinsohn, an amazing shooter whose occasionally erratic temperament is the only thing that has kept him from true stardom, the rugged Jim Loscutt and Bill Russell, who was the second-best percentage shooter in the NBA last season. In the backcourt they have Bill Sharman and the incomparable Bob Cousy, who have both averaged 18 points or better per game for many years. In reserve are two men who can play either the front or back court: the speedy Sam Jones and Frank Ramsey, the game's greatest sixth man. In the battle with Chamberlain, however, two other factors could swing the tide. First is the savvy of Coach Red Auerbach, whose explosive court-side behavior has long obscured the fact that he has one of the keenest minds in the game. And second, of course, is Cousy's brilliant generalship, which probes for rival weaknesses and exploits them relentlessly. None of which takes into account Russell's determination to maintain his rating as basketball's best defensive player. Gene Conley and K. C. Jones are vastly improved players, and three rookies, John Richter, Gene Guarino and Maurice King, are all ready to play pro ball. King, a guard, has a tough job of breaking into a squad loaded with backcourt talent. Richter, battling for a corner spot, seems the best bet to stick past cutdown date.

## SYRACUSE

*Last season: Won 35, lost 27; third in East  
Top scorer: Dolph Schayes, 21.5 average  
Top rebounder: John Kerr, 14.0 average*

The Nationals' Dick Barnett is a slender, brown youngster who carries his eyelids at half-mast and generally wears the expression of a well-fed cat looking for a warm spot to curl up in and sleep. Deceptive is a feeble word for all this. Alert and quick-handed, Barnett is a strafe on the dribble and drive and an excellent shooter. In service until December 1, he has played in one exhibition game with Syracuse and shown enough to guarantee that when he gets out and joins the speedy Larry Costello, Hal Greer and Al Bianchi, the Nats will have the fastest backcourt in the league. If one of those four can develop into a floor leader, the Syracuse attack will be devastating. Up front, Dolph Schayes and George Yardley are dead-eye marksmen and Bob Hopkins spells either of them effectively. In the pivot, Johnny Kerr has raised his scoring average three years in a row now; in exhibitions he has appeared to be out of condition, but his touch, especially on hooks, has been sure. Kerr's relied man, Connie Dierking, seemed to have all the attributes of a pro as a rookie last season—except confidence. The year's experience and Coach Paul Seymour's skill at handling men should help that condition. Since Paul retired to the bench, the lack of a strong quarterback has prevented the talent on this squad from displaying full efficiency. Even so, Syracuse made a late and nearly successful run for the title last year, after a sad start. Stronger and better-balanced now, though still without a floor general, they are fully capable of upsetting the favorites in both divisions. Their habit of always giving the Boston Celtics a particularly hard time will stand them in good stead. Against Philadelphia, the Nats' speed and ability to hit from all points of the compass will keep Wilt hopping.

## NEW YORK

*Last season: Won 40, lost 32; second in East  
Top scorer: Kenny Sears, 21.0 average  
Top rebounder: Willie Naulls, 10.0 average*

Lack of consistent rebounding, critical in a game that requires players to shoot within 24 seconds, was the Knicks' downfall last year. The hope is that Johnny Green will solve the problem, but asking him to take on this tough job as a rookie, and against men many inches taller than he, may prove too much of a demand. Green was extremely effective on the boards as a collegian, but he's in another league now. The other weakness, inadequacy in the pivot, which stems from the same absence of a good big man, was ingeniously countered last season by Coach Pummy Levane's use of a wide-open offense. The Knicks played without a post man much of the time, setting up simple, inside screens for their fine shooters and keeping rival big men out of the middle to help their drivers. Regardless of Green's ability or whatever improvement Ray Felick and Charlie Tyra show this year, they will undoubtedly use a similar attack. Rookie Bob Anderegg brings muscle and a fine shooting touch to the backcourt which, unfortunately, already has plenty of those qualities and could use speed. The veterans are Richie Guerin, Carl Braun, Ron Sobie and Jack George. Guerin's rise in stature has been spectacular; he has doubled his scoring average in three years and become a fine playmaker. Sobie, bothered by foot and knee injuries and often overweight in the past, has appeared slender and fit in training. If the knee holds up, his hustle will be a great asset. Those superb shooters up front, the graceful Willie Naulls and rangy Kenny Sears, have lost none of their skill. If Sears had some of Willie's deception, and Naulls some of Kenny's tenacity, what a pair they would be! Finally, rugged Mike Farmer is now also a scoring threat.

## PHILADELPHIA

*Last season: Won 27, lost 46; last in East  
Top scorer: Paul Arizin, 24.4 average  
Top rebounder: Woody Sauldsberry, 11.5 average*

It goes without saying anything more than the name Wilt Chamberlain that the Warriors are no longer a last-place team. But how much higher one new man can raise Philadelphia is an interesting question. The prevailing opinion is that the Warriors will become the new world champions because Chamberlain will retrieve the ball consistently off the backboard and will also stuff it into his own basket with sufficient regularity to assure the required number of Philadelphia victories. But basketball is still a team game, and the other Warrior players must be considered. One who will benefit greatly from Wilt's presence is Paul Arizin, who has been scoring at least 20 points a game for six years, without Wilt on his side. Now, clearly, no one is going to drop off Wilt and double-team Paul. Joe Graboski and Woody Sauldsberry, up front, will enjoy a measure of the same comparative freedom. In the backcourt, Guy Rodgers, Tom Gola, Ernie Beck and Vera Hutton should be able to break quickly, after the opposing team shoots, secure in the expectation that Wilt will get the ball for them. The theory appears to be flawless, but . . . That backcourt, highly skilled in ball-handling, has yet to demonstrate outside shooting ability. Possibly it won't be needed, but Wilt would surely be even more dangerous in close if there were a constant threat outside. Sauldsberry has played well only in brief streaks, apparently when aroused. Gola is recovering from the debilitating effects of hepatitis. Neil Johnston is brand-new at the business of coaching. And all the other teams will be taking dead aim at Chamberlain & Co. The Warriors are hardly a shoo-in. Indeed, the feeling here is that Boston and St. Louis will beat them in a majority of their games, at least this year.

CONTINUED

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 and 1 part  
 Smirnoff Vodka



## ST. LOUIS

*Last season: Won 49, lost 23; first in West  
Top scorer: Bob Pettit, 29.3 average  
Top rebounder: Bob Pettit, 16.4 average*

Even that old cigar-chewing pessimist himself, Owner Ben Kerner, would be hard put to find a flaw in the Hawks, an assembly he made over the years through audacious trades and perceptive draft choices. It has balance, speed, scoring punch throughout, depth and experience. The addition of John McCarthy, a good playmaker and shooter, to a backcourt consisting of Slater Martin, St. Green, Jack McMahon and Al Ferrari, puts it on a par, at least, with the best it must face. Green seems to be fully recovered from his head injury; if he really is, he should move quickly into the top rank of backline performers—tenacious on defense, swift as a hawk in pursuit of the ball, Charlie Share's screening bulk will be missed up front, but the big three there—Bob Pettit, Cliff Hagan and Clyde Lovellette—possess every variety of offensive move and shot. This kind of balance, incidentally, will give Philadelphia and Wilt Chamberlain the most trouble, especially Lovellette's ability to hit both with hooks and from far outside. Pettit set six new scoring records last season and seems to get better each year. Hagan is still the biggest 6-foot-4 man in basketball, a terror in close and with his hook. Among the reserves, Rookie Bob Ferry has surprised everyone with his shooting and over-all hustle; he has apparently beaten out Hub Reed as second-string center. Dave Gambee, out with appendicitis most of last season, is a much-improved shooter. Probing for trouble spots, the severest critic must be content with the observation that Lovellette—a substitute for Share last season—still has to show the stamina to play full time. Clyde worked hard all summer at conditioning and exercises designed to increase his spring, is apparently ready.

## MINNEAPOLIS

*Last season: Won 52, lost 23; second in West  
Top scorer: Elgin Baylor, 24.9 average  
Top rebounder: Elgin Baylor, 15.0 average*

In retrospect it is hard to believe that the Lakers are the team that knocked St. Louis out of the playoffs last year. Even recalling Baylor's seemingly limitless ability doesn't help much, and any assumption that this year's Lakers will be a better team must rest on the theory that Baylor, himself, will be better, which no one has any right to expect. If help can be anticipated from Rookies Tom Hawkins and Rudy LaRusso up front, it will be more than offset by the loss (to retirement) of Vern Mikkelsen. Mik was the most southearted of competitors and will be missed all around the NBA. Hawkins, the Notre Dame All-American, is a strong, aggressive youngster who needs a year of seasoning but may be a starter here simply because he's needed. Alternating at center, Larry Foust and Jim Krebs averaged 12 and 9 points, respectively, last season, and though Krebs should continue to improve a little, Foust, 31 and in his 16th season, may not even be able to play as much as he did a year ago. Boo Ellis and Steve Hamilton learned a lot in their first season; Ellis' boardwork may begin to approach the effectiveness it achieved in college ball. The Laker backcourt of Dick Garmaker and Boh Leonard rates the term "adequate," in a league where adequate is not good enough. Both shoot well, though Leonard is not consistent, and often has temper trouble. The high hopes for Red Hundley have yet to be fulfilled—it begins to look as if they never will be—and Ed Fleming's flashes of real brilliance are too sporadic. All in all, peppery new Coach John Castellani must count on the fine team spirit which really made the triumph over St. Louis possible and which is an incalculable asset even among pros—that and the all-round All-Star, Baylor.

## DETROIT

*Last season: Won 28, lost 44; third in West  
Top scorer: Gene Shue, 17.6 average  
Top rebounder: Walter Dukes, 12.3 average*

When Gene Shue and Dick McGuire bring the ball upcourt for the Pistons, they face the problem that will haunt this team all year: on whose scoring ability up front can they rely in setting up a play? Will it be the erratic, occasionally lackadaisical Walter Dukes in the pivot? How about the speedy Ed Conlin, who often gets a step ahead of his defensive man but still has difficulty getting the ball through the rim? Should they take a chance on Rookie Bailey Howell who is, admittedly, a fine shooter but is under the double handicap of shifting from the post to cornerman and is unfamiliar with rival personnel? Maybe Archie Dees? True, he hardly lived up to his promise with Cincinnati last season, but perhaps a year's experience has helped him. Earl Lloyd? Shellie McMillon? Fine rebounders both, but mediocre shooters at best. Well, the way Shue and McGuire likely will solve the problem more often than not is to set up Shue himself. After 10 years as one of the game's finest playmakers, McGuire is still reluctant to shoot the ball, so Shue gets the assignment almost by default. Shue can score consistently, and perform every other function required of a pro backcourtman, but he simply can't make enough points by himself to win games. Red Roeba believes Dukes will finally settle down and play steady basketball and that his new contact lenses will help his shooting; that Howell can become a top pro in one season (possibly the best of the whole lot); that the Pistons' shallow backcourt is as good as any in the NBA; that all his cornermen suddenly will develop into sharpshooters. A cynic would point out that Red believes all this because he's the coach. But then, he may be right. If he's not, Detroit may be fighting to keep third place.

## CINCINNATI

*Last season: Won 19, lost 53; last in West  
Top scorer: Jack Twyman, 25.8 average  
Top rebounder: Jack Twyman, 9.0 average*

Taking a long pull on the pipe that inspires happy dreams, one can believe, possibly, that this year's Royals will be better than the team that was unable to achieve a winning season's series against any other club in the league last year. But, even accepting that, an even stronger propulsion into euphoria is required for the belief that they will improve their place in the standings. To the long list of first-rate performers lost through illness, retirement and, to say the least, puzzling trades, must now be added the name of John McCarthy, formerly the team's best playmaker. On the plus side, there is the addition of Phil Jordan, who played the best ball of his career last season for Detroit, after somehow acquiring agility and a scoring touch previously undetectable in his makeup. He and the strong but slow-footed Wayne Embury are fair alternates in the pivot. To play the corner opposite Jack Twyman there are Jim Palmer, fast but erratic as the winds of March, and Dave Piontek, steady but seldom inspired. The backcourt includes players of real substance, if not top-grade ability. Former Hawks Mled Park and Win Wilfong are experienced ball handlers, and Wilfong, especially, has an instinct for aggression that forces the play relentlessly toward the basket. Phil Rollins provides reasonable outside shooting, and Arien Boockhorn understands what defense means. Which leaves Jack Twyman, an authentic pro, a magnificent shooter, a cinch for All-Star honors—but probably doomed to fire away all season in a losing cause. Every player in the NBA is among the 100 best in the country, no mean distinction, but some are just better than others. Like Minneapolis, this group requires the hypothesis of overwhelming team spirit to lift it up to the level of the rest of the league.

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



### FROZEN MOMENT

**F**OR ONE FLEETING moment last week five live Thoroughbreds hung suspended in air over New York's Aqueduct track, and the precision of their postures gave them the frozen look of carved and painted steeds on a merry-go-round. Seconds later, like a merry-go-round gone silly, the orderly pack flew apart at the seams and dissolved as each horse struck out on his own for the finish line still some two miles away. The first to cross it was Mrs. Ogden Phipps's odds-on favorite, Ancestor, already well ahead at this memorable moment, who paid backers trusting in his individuality \$3.40.



## THE ETERNAL FOOTBALL GAME

THE LONGEST football game on record, a game more than half a century old, is still being played nightly at an off-Broadway theater in New York's Greenwich Village where the musical comedy *Leave It to Jane* has suddenly become a smash hit all over again. Jane, shown here with some of her friends, is none other than Playwright George Ade's old but endlessly young *College Widow*, the beautiful blonde daughter of the president of Atwater College, who lures the halfback (son of the benefactor of rival Bingham College) into playing for Atwater under an assumed name. Since Atwater's president is a stickler for amateur standards, and since Jane falls desperately in love with her halfback as soon as she has effected her preposterous stratagem, *Leave It to Jane* poses problems familiar to any student of sports' romantic aspects. In *Jane*, the greatest of these prob-

lems is, of course, to win the Thanksgiving Day game for Atwater.

George Ade was a young newspaperman, 17 years out of Purdue, when he wrote *The College Widow* in 1904. He modeled Atwater on a real school—Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Ind.—and created a stageful of campus characters who have since become standard fare in a thousand plays, films and TV half-hours. There is Flora, for example, described as "a prominent waitress," and Silent Murphy, a piano mover smuggled into the football squad on the pretext that he is a music student. Romance and adventure alike are unfolded on a leafy campus, or under the grandstand, where offstage frenzy indicates at one point that Halfback Billy has just run 106 yards for a touchdown. "The wildest, craziest, most pandemonic scene ever staged," said the *New York Herald* on the *Widow's* open-

ing night in Manhattan. One spectator, Admiral Dewey, the Spanish-American War hero, stood up in his box, shouting, "It's wonderful!" Pushed out on the stage, Ade stammered that he had tried to treat college students like human beings. "They may not deserve it," he said, "but that's what we've done!"

In 1917 the *Widow's* musical version with tunes by Jerome Kern and a book by P. G. Wodehouse again thrilled audiences with its wonderful world of youth—"Melodic songs and dances, gay costumes in excellent taste, and hearts unclouded by Freud," said *The Times*.

The small stage of the Sheridan Square Playhouse's current hit production inhibits some of the wild abandon of the original. Halfback Billy (played by Ronald Knight) is forced to make his 106-yard run on a small treadmill, like the contraption used in that other great theatrical sporting event, the chariot race in *Ben Hur*. But all the original exuberance and excitement are present, making it easy to understand why an entire literature of college comedy grew up from Ade's beginning.

SILENT MURPHY, A PIANO MOVER PERSUADED TO PLAY FOR ATWATER, DEMONSTRATES DETERMINATION TO DEFEAT RIVAL SCHOOL





BETWEEN HALVES, AT A DARK MOMENT FOR ATWATER, PLAYERS ARE MELODIOUSLY ENCOURAGED TO STRUGGLE ON TO VICTORY



POOR JANE, NOW REALLY IN LOVE, BITTERLY REGRETS TRICKING STAR HALPBACK

Photographs by Richard Mork



**TOOTHsome MORBIDS** became difficult to enjoy as the years began to rise and the teeth began to fall for Bobby, an elderly

dachshund of Millbrae, California, until his mistress, a dental technician, fashioned this set of fancy new choppers for him.

## STATUS SEEKERS

**N**OTHING sets a dog apart from other dogs so readily as a set of shining false teeth. Few orangutans can resist stealing an envious glance at a neighbor orangutan with a football. And, of course, the bull moose who cares not a fig for traffic regulations is certain to rise above the herd. In the endlessly competitive societies of which all creatures are a part in these insecure times, neither man nor beast can afford merely to keep up with his neighbors. These pictures show three who tried bravely to get a little ahead.



**TEMPORARY STATUS** achieved by an Australian orangutan whose name is George was sharply curtailed when he tried to eat the football for lunch.

**AS DISDAINFUL** of the tiresome traffic regulations of mere mankind as he is of the insignificant nobodies of moosekind, an auroch

and arrogant hulk moose jay-walks casually across a street in Fairbanks, Alaska, bringing the city's traffic to a full stop.



## SPECTACLE

*Photographed by Tom Hutehins*

# Australian Football: 100 Minutes of Hard Work

**T**HREE RULES of their games may differ, but for football players the world over, whether they are butting their armored heads on an American gridiron, running fast and loose in the soccer oval at Rio or wallowing with a Rugby ball in English mud, half time is the same. With the half-time whistle, the voice of the crowd dies, the coaches speak, the players let their bodies go slack and suck in air rich with the mixed smells of liniment, sweat and fresh, crushed grass. To the Australian players shown on the opposite page the precious 15 minutes of half time mean more than to any other football breed. An American player on a good two-platoon machine plays about 13 minutes a half. By half time in the special game of Australian Rules Football each of the 18 men on a side has played 50 minutes and expects to play 50 more, on a field three times as large as an American gridiron.

Australians play four different kinds of football, but in the state of Victoria and the city of Melbourne, where the championship match shown on these pages attracted 99,000 spectators, Australian Rules Football is unquestionably the favorite game. The Rules game resembles somewhat the harum-scarum, wide-open play of Gaelic football, and it was derived in part from a wild sort of sport that early Irish immigrants to Australia developed around the informal rule, "Kick wherever you see a head." In the present Australian game there are more rules and not so much mayhem, but just as much action. Only two substitutions are permitted during the 100 minutes of play. Trainers are allowed to tend the injured on the field while the battle swirls on. The players have the option of punting, drop-kicking, passing by punching the ball with one hand, or running, provided they touch the ball to the ground every 10 yards. A ball kicked through the goal posts without touching any player counts six points. A ball put by any means across the goal between secondary posts flanking the goal posts counts one point. Tackling below the knees, hacking (kicking an opponent) and slinging (seizing by the neck) are forbidden.

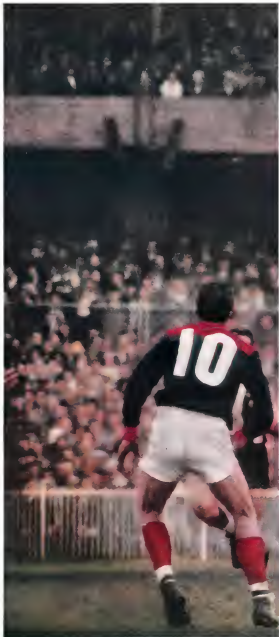
The referees try to see that fists and feet are used properly, but with 36 Australians milling about on a four-acre field there is a certain freedom of play. There are still rules in the book harking back to the old days when no one had too much scruple. By the rules still, either captain can halt play and ask the umpire to count heads to be sure the opposition has not sneaked fresh troops onto the field.

**During short breather between periods weary  
Melbourne players sprawl out on field**





Soaring like muscular ballet partners, a Collingwood footballer tips a high pass away from Melbourne foe while tight-packed 99,000 cheer spring-loaded play







Young, feasting fans eye field action while open-mouthed Melbourne-section roofer howls support to no avail as her team gets upset 82-64



# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## Cure for Nostalgia

WHATEVER nostalgia for Brooklyn and Ebbets Field still lingered in the camp of the L.A. Dodgers was suddenly dissipated last week. For winning a World Series before the greatest crowd of fans ever assembled in the history of baseball, each transplanted Dodger was awarded a cut of the victory pie worth \$11,231.18. For each White Sox participant: a go-go \$7,275.17.

## Try-On

THE city of Rome tried on its Olympic facilities for size last week in an 18-nation track meet and found them, like all new suits, in need of some alteration.

It wasn't so much that the javelin, discus and hammer locations forced competitors in the 100,000-seat Olympic stadium to look into the sun, or that the soft turf clogged spiked shoes, or even that poor drainage left puddles in critical areas. Such minor matters could be quickly fixed.

But when the 1,500-meter race began, a serious and horrible suspicion became appallingly confirmed. The six-lane Olympic track was simply too narrow, forcing the 12 contestants to elbow and shoulder each other from starting gun to final wire in a quest for running room.

Their Mediterranean aplomb shaken, the Italian Olympic officials moved like sprinters. Two days after the international meet (won, incidentally, by Poland—neither the U.S. nor Russia entered) workmen were ripping up the track and starting a new one, in the approved Olympic width of seven lanes.

Aside from this major matter, providently repairable, Rome's gigantic (\$20 million plus) Olympic building program appears moving toward a

successful close. Architect Pier Luigi Nervi's doomed Palazzetto dello Sport showed its readiness for 1960 just last week when a large crowd filled it to see a visiting team of Japanese gymnasts defeat Italy's best.

Seating is being increased to 20,000 at the Olympic swimming pool, which is in use, and Flaminio Stadi-

um, the Olympic soccer site, is also ready. Scheduled for completion by May are the huge Palazzo dello Sport for boxing and basketball, a velodrome, another swimming pool and the \$10 million plus Olympic Village.

With workmen clearing up the athletic traffic problem on the Olympic

*continued*



Here's one contestant who needs coaching.

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

track, one of the few critical areas of Olympic concern still left was the problem of spectator traffic in Rome itself.

Games officials are fretting at the low-gear pace with which the city is preparing for that fearful day when 150,000 visitors struggle through its ancient narrow streets between the two Olympic centers at opposite ends of town.

"Traffic and tourist lodgings are the two biggest worries now," summarizes Mario Saina, director of Olympic construction and physical arrangements. "Everything else is right on time. Rome will be ready."

### Houn' Doin'

IN a 1952 election to find a suitable living symbol for their football team, students at the University of Tennessee were asked to pick a mascot which was at once "easygoing, loyal, intelligent, a fighter when

aroused and a testimony to the pioneer spirit of Tennessee." First choice was no boy scout but a flop-eared, sad-eyed, cold-nosed coon dog named Smokey. The hound ("There never lived a finer," said his owner) shouldered his noble obligations proudly until a day in 1955 when he was dispatched to an even higher calling by a speeding automobile. Thereupon his son, Smokey II, snatched up the UT colors and through last week was still following in papa's paw prints.

But uneasy lies the head that wears the mascot crown at Tennessee. In a seething personal attack upon Smokey II, Ike Greene, a UT alumnus, exclaimed last week: "That dog just doesn't have enough dignity for a team as fine as the Vols. We're missing the boat by having an old hound for a mascot when the university could be represented by a Tennessee walking horse." Backing up Greene was Colonel M. M. Bullard, a Tennessee horse trader, who owes three-

time world champion walking horse Setting Sun. Bullard has obligingly offered to loan his \$200,000 specimen free for the asking and has, moreover, volunteered to transport the horse to all Tennessee games, at home or away.



"Why," said the horse's suddenly excited trainer, Sam Paschal, heaping more abuse on top of old Smokey, "that ol' dog probably wouldn't know a coon if he met one face to face or got wrapped up in a coat that had four legs. But if that hain' cluh had Setting Sun for a mascot, they'd sure have something to be proud of. And before this season is over [Vols' record to date: 2-1-1] they may need something to be proud of."

## FITNESS FOR WHAT?

AT FIRST glance there seemed something pretty ridiculous about the latest and most publicized Washington investigation, the inquiry into TV quiz fixing. There was a palpable absurdity in the fact of an august tribunal of the Federal Government, majestically ensconced in the marmoreal splendor of a huge congressional caucus room, earnestly and solemnly devoting itself to a search for slimony in a parlor game, and—*even more absurdly*—finding it. Yet the snickers and the grins of embarrassment that followed the revelations of one seemingly respectable witness after another were in some sense akin to the snickers that might arise in a family when father has been caught cheating at solitaire. It was funny in a way, but behind the fun there was, and should have been, a furtive sense of national shame.

For a long time now the prickly predicaments of the already overcaricatured Madison Avenue huckster have

been good for a laugh, but it was quite another thing to contemplate the feeble and unconvincing alibis by which a clergyman and the representative of a chain of women's clubs attempted to justify to themselves as well as to the world at large the shabby deceptions which, willingly or unwillingly, they had helped to foist on a too-believing public. It was all very well to chuckle at the confusion of a great and overblown industry, but it was something else again to get a laugh out of the fact that a young college instructor of undeniable intellectual attainments and background was suddenly the object of a tabloid man-hunt almost as sanguine as the search for John Dillinger.

What, some people asked, was the point of all this embarrassing revelation? Surely there was no law against cheating at parlor games, even parlor games telecast from coast to coast? Surely there was not even a likelihood of any law? It was all in fun, wasn't

it? What then was the point? The point, it seems to us, was one that was made succinctly and clearly in another national investigation that was held virtually without publicity last month. This was an investigation conducted by the members of President Eisenhower's Citizens' Committee on Youth Fitness whose interest in the physical welfare of the nation's youth has been extended to include his mental, moral and spiritual fitness as well. The committee's questions, discussed at the committee's annual meeting in Colorado Springs, went to the very heart of the question reflected in the more sensational TV quiz: the question of the standards and values being reflected today among the nation's youth.

"The most important question we have to ask," said Marion Hanks of Salt Lake City, "is not 'What is fitness?' but 'Fitness for what?'"

"Neither muscular development, intellectual brilliance, social competence, satisfactory adjustment nor church attendance is itself our objective," he went on. "What we really want for our young people is that they

Smokey's loyalty down the years has, of course, been reciprocated in this crisis. Said one student, hackles bristling: "He's ours all the way, win or lose, on the field or off. He may be ugly to some, but he's no stuffed shirt like some overrated horses I've heard tell of. Smokey's staying."

Whether Smokey stays or Setting Sun comes will not be decided until UT students hold another election, as yet unscheduled. But in the meantime they might do well to consider, too, the sentiments of Bowden Wyatt, the football coach. "Frankly, the whole business is silly," he said last week, dog-tired of all the horsing around. "Who ever heard of an animal winning a football game?"

### First Ascent

AS USUAL at this time of year, France's school kids are once more back in harness burdened with the huge loads of books that school-

children must bear the world over. What makes the French children's lot different and notable this year is that for the first time they are facing a required course which promises to make their burden lighter by giving them new strength to bear it.

"Your children," ran a letter to France's parents at the beginning of the school year, "take part in absorbing, fatiguing intellectual work which it is necessary to compensate for. This year, tests in physical education have been made mandatory for all those who want to take a baccalaureate."

In the U.S. such a letter might cause no surprise—you still must learn how to swim to get a degree at Harvard or Barnard—but in France, where the educational system has long been directed toward grinding application to the books with no thought of anything else, it represents a revolution as drastic as that which ended the impotent Fourth Republic. Up to now, no French pro-

fessor would be caught dead admitting that physical education is a vital and important asset to the classroom. The fact that Charles de Gaulle's new Republic now admits it officially is a triumph for famed Mountain Climber Maurice Herzog, De Gaulle's High Commissioner of Youth and Sports, a triumph as great as his conquest of the 26,500-foot Himalayan peak Annapurna, which cost him the tips of all his fingers.

Herzog's ascent of the arid and windswept ranges of French intellectualism was a tough climb accomplished in the face of long-prevailing winds of pedagogical prejudice and parliamentary parsimony. Many a French taxpayer is still horrified at the thought of the \$20 million for sports equipment that Minister Herzog wheeled out of the government. But the students themselves were enthusiastic. "The government is on the right track at last," said one

*continued*

be fit to live meaningfully, wholesomely, constructively, joyfully as husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, neighbors, teachers and citizens. By and large, the young are like their parents. They are responsive to adult influence outside of their homes. They are prone to idealism. They are very susceptible to environment. They can be guided toward decency and moral behavior, but they are quick to discern when conduct is not consistent with counsel."

Whether for better or for worse, it is an unavoidable fact amid the bustle of the times we live in that much of the idealism, much of the example, much of the adult influence that affects our nation's young today is engendered by the television set, the 20th century American's substitute for the council fire around which the elders of old relived the legends of the past and recounted the lessons for the future. Like those elders, today's TV is quick to counsel virtue, but from recent evidence seemingly not so quick to follow it. If the nation's adults think it is funny to cheat a little at parlor games, the nation's

youth is justified in thinking the same. But do we truly think so?

The doctrine that any game is the better for being a little bit rigged is one which no one dedicated to sport can accept as valid, for in sport honesty is not merely a desideratum; it is the life breath, the atmosphere and the ambience without which the game cannot exist at all. Honesty makes sport possible by leaving its denouements to skill and chance so that the thrilling upset is always possible. We all want to see Mantle strike out occasionally. We don't want to see him lay down his bat. The blatant dishonesties of professional wrestling provide rowdy entertainment, but their very predictability rules them out as sport, and nobody pretends they are more than a burlesque.

Again and again, however, TV turns its eye on true sport, bringing the honest competition of the diamond and the gridiron to millions of living rooms. By deft manipulation of his dial a televiewer in the New York area last Saturday could watch 10 hours of virtually uninterrupted sport. In hours such as these, TV

serves as a worthy agent in setting standards for the nation's youth, and it seemed not too much to expect that it would follow these standards in its own parlor games. It was on this expectation that a nation's ready sympathy was seduced in the isolation booths of the quiz shows by a series of supposedly honest people seemingly and stately alone with their wits and their luck and their chance of a lifetime. Then—boom—it turned out that the whole thing was a fake and everyone was a sucker to believe it in the first place.

Whose fault was it? That was, in essence, the real question of the quiz shows, the question implied by the conferee in Colorado Springs who asked, "Fitness for what?"

The answer, for young and old alike, for editor and ad man, for doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, might well be fitness to face both ourselves in the loneliness of the isolation booth and the millions of viewers peering in from outside with equal candor and honesty and the supposition that everyone concerned is playing fair at all times.

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

husky young basketballer from Paris' Hautes Etudes Commerciales. "I only hope it isn't too late."

Educators in the U.S., who believe that the only way to meet the challenge of Soviet Russia is to concentrate on study to the exclusion of all else, would do well to take note of France's about-face.

### Go It, Free World!

CASSANDRAS have it that America's high school students these days are too absorbed in such trivia as football to pay much attention to vital matters like the cold war and the space race.

Perhaps the Cassandras will feel better on hearing what happened just the other night at the Sherman High vs. Greenville High football game in Texas. First the band played the Sherman alma mater and young-

sters on one side of the field yelled, "Beat Greenville!" Next the Greenville song was played and the shout from the other partisans was, "Beat Sherman!"

Then *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played, and as the last note faded away an adolescent voice echoed through the Texas night: "Beat Russia!"

### The Ethics of Subterfuge

Tv's quizmasters would have done well last week to drop in at Harvard Law School where the familiar sounds of orderly debate echoed through the corridors. One subject under discussion concerned the ethics of those classic examples of sports subterfuge: the baseball catcher's attempt to "pull" balls into the strike zone in an effort to sway the umpire's judgment ("A hail!" the

catcher exclaims incredulously, "Look where my glove is!") and the football player's feigned injury that is designed to stop the clock ("Limivitch!" yells the coach. "Get in there and suffer a groin injury!") "What," Lon L. Fuller, eminent professor of jurisprudence and avid sports spectator, asked his students last week, "are the effects of these practices on ethics and morality?" It was Professor Fuller's own opinion that the catcher's sleight-of-glove was ethically acceptable but the footballer's feint was inexcusable. One student disagreed.

*Student:* The catcher's acts are repeated throughout the contest while feigned injuries occur infrequently. Isn't it far worse ethically to allow a catcher repeated deceptions, as opposed to the occasional deception in football?

*Fuller:* Aren't you assuming that the catcher's act is a deception? Examine the catcher's actions in the same manner you would a lawyer's advocacy. In making close calls look like strikes he is presenting a persuasive argument to the umpire. After considering the evidence the umpire is free to make his own choice. In the case of feigned injuries on the football field, however, the referee has no choice but to call time because he cannot take the risk of doing otherwise. The latter is a true deception, disruptive of the referee's power to govern the game. *Student:* If the practice of feigning injury is accepted by society, should not this be sufficient?

*Fuller:* The judgment of an action should come from something deeper than passive acceptance. View the practice from the position, "If one can do it, all can do it" and observe the results. If the catcher tries to make every pitch look like a strike, the game is not affected. Should there be an injury following every play in football, however, the game would soon degenerate into an uninteresting farce.

"Have you ever heard of a football player," the professor asked to clinch the argument, "who is not only a great runner and a fine passer but also great at faking injuries?"

Nobody could think of a glistening example.

*continued*



"When Bobby Evans and I play checkers we crown each other with rolled-up newspapers."





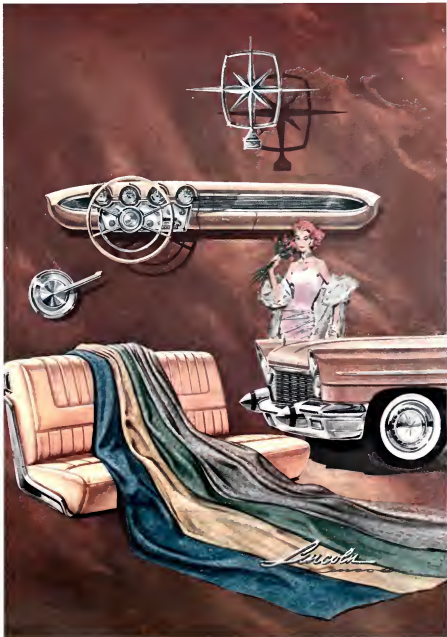
Shhh! Men at play—and Seven-Up at work  
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Go ahead—steal a few minutes from the business at hand for a little fun. We'll never say a word. But if a fine highball adds to your pleasure, we'd like to say this:

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## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

### 5-Foot-11

AT THE CLOSE of the 1958-59 basketball season, 5-foot-11 Alan Seiden seemed like a little man with a big future. Named on just about everybody's All-America, the backcourtier from St. John's University of Brooklyn had been his team's top scorer and playmaker, had climaxed his senior year by leading St. John's to victory in the National Invitation Tournament. It seemed only natural that the professional St. Louis Hawks should make him one of their top draft choices, and it seemed fairly certain that Seiden would perform as well for them as he had for St. John's. But last week a thoroughly disgruntled Alan Seiden was back in his New York home, all 5 feet 11 inches of him, asking the Hawks either to play him or give him his release.

"I can't help feeling the pros don't give a rookie who's small a real chance," he said. "Believe me, this is the first time I ever felt lost in the shuffle."

"At St. John's I was a star. I didn't even have to try too hard in practice. I built it up for the game. But in the two weeks I was at the Hawks' training camp I scrimmaged harder than I ever did in my life. One time two rookies played the vets for 20 minutes. We beat them 46-43 and I got 13. Three for six from the floor, seven for seven from the foul line. Slater Martin was covering me. Another time I played with Bob Pettit and Cliff Hagan for 12 minutes. I got 14 off Martin. Four field goals and six foul shots. I was scoring with Slater Martin covering me. It made me feel good. But I knew a scrimmage was no substitute for a game."

Up to now, Seiden's words had rushed out in a torrent. When he continued, his tone was more deliberate.

"Then we started on our exhibition tour. We played our first game at Los Angeles. I never even got in. We went on to Las Vegas, and I didn't get in there until the last three minutes when we were 14 points down. Sihugo Green had water on the knee. He played and I didn't. It was like a slap in the face. I asked the Hawks to play me or give me my

## They Said It

**WALTER O'MALLEY** of the *Los Angeles Dodgers*, contemplating the immediate future in an expansive pool-Series mood: "Our executives will take short rations and hunk on cloud nine, reflecting on the peasant playoff and the world championship."

**WILBUR EVANS**, assistant athletic director at the University of Texas, introducing a sharp note on recruiting shortly before the Longhorns' payakin clash with Oklahoma (won by Texas 19-12): "We ought to be favored by two points, since Texas is starting with 11 Texans and Oklahoma has only nine."

**SAM POOLEY**, 90, lone survivor of the Grinnell (Iowa) College team that beat the University of Iowa 24-0 in 1889, slaving home a pep talk to modern-day Grinnell footballers: "I don't want to see enthusiasm out there—I want to see frenzy."

release so I could try out with another club. They wouldn't so I flew home. I just couldn't see sitting on the bench.

"Don't get me wrong. The Hawks are wonderful fellas. I'd love to play with them. The five backcourt men are great. What can you say about Martin besides he's a real pro? The only veteran in the league under 6 foot and he's starting his 11th season. Jack McMahon went to my school I've known him for years. And Al Ferrari. He's one of the hustiest hall-players I've ever seen; 6-foot-4 and he moves. Green. Well, he's Sihugo; he can jump with men four inches taller. And Johnny McCarthy. Why,

John took time to give me advice. Things like 'If you get pushed, push back' and 'Remember to pace yourself.'

"I guess it sounds like I have this bright business on the brain. I don't. It never kept me from helping a team before and it won't now. You know, all I want is a chance to play." He paused for a moment of thought. "I'm working out now with a kid named Ivan Kovac," he said. "He's a soph at St. John's this year and I call him the Comet. He's that fast. If he comes around, St. John's will be a terror. He's only 5 foot 10 but they need someone like him in the backcourt."

### Above Suspicion?

THE ONLY organization in Great Britain that could have gotten away with it has imposed a fine on Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth.

England's aristocratic and autocratic Jockey Club assessed her the usual £50 (\$140) for failing to advise them three days before the running of the Champion Stakes at Newmarket that she was withdrawing her horse, Above Suspicion.

The Queen can afford it. Her horses have won her nearly half a million dollars in four years. And the Jockey Club isn't worried, either. Its exclusive membership includes six dukes, one of whom is the delinquent Queen's own husband.

END



### Score It By Rounds

This boxer stuck out his finger,  
But never delivered a blow.  
Yes, strangely, he won.  
If you ask how 'twas done,  
He simply outpointed his foe.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



JOCKEY VALENZUELA HAS REASON TO BEAR AFTER EARNING \$12,800 ON WARFARE

HORSE RACING / *Whitney Tower*

## A determined son

**A track mark and the pro tem  
2-year-old championship go to  
a Californian with great heart**

**I**T does not necessarily follow that the richest races are always the best. And yet at Aqueduct last Saturday the Champagne, which with a gross value of \$230,300 was the wealthiest horse race ever staged in New York, turned out to be an historic duel between 1959's best 2-year-olds.

Historic is truly the appropriate term to apply to this 88th running of the Champagne, for when Warfare, under a perfect ride by Ismael (Milo) Valenzuela, barreled down a length in front of favored Tompion he set a track record for the mile (1:35 1/5). He also proved conclusively that if

any other colt in America is to lay claim to the 1959 juvenile championship he can do it only by decisively whipping this gritty little California invader in The Garden State on October 31.

Warfare's triumph, worth \$138,195 to his owner and 10% of that to Jockey Valenzuela, came as no great surprise to Easterners who have finally become convinced that California form, once the subject of ridicule in New York, is form to be reckoned with. Already this fall, since Aqueduct opened its newly constructed strip, eastern prestige has been maintained almost solely by the 3-year-old champion Sword Dancer. In the last month Hillsdale, Round Table, Warfare and Tompion, all of whom call California their home base, have demonstrated that what horses do at

Santa Anita and Hollywood Park must now be taken in earnest rather than in jest.

The mile by Warfare was so fast that you have to go back 17 years in New York history to beat it, and when you do you find out that in all the history of U.S. racing only one 2-year-old ever covered the distance at a quicker lick. That was in 1942 and his name was Count Fleet, who went on the following season to win the Triple Crown. Count Fleet's time in the Champagne, then run at Belmont and in a race in which he carried only 116 pounds compared to the 122 carried last week by Warfare, was 1:34 4/5. As far as I can discover Warfare's time of 1:35 1/5 has been equaled only once before by a 2-year-old—in 1953 at Golden Gate Fields, by a colt named Determine. And who was Determine? He was Warfare's sire, winner of the 1954 Kentucky Derby and one of the most underrated horses of his time.

But now to the Champagne. There were 10 starters and, for some reason, the crowd of 47,384 insisted that Tompion, who won the Hopeful but who was fourth behind Warfare in the Cowdin, should be favored. This curious optimism might have been based on an anticipated improvement in Tompion's second start at Aqueduct or on the fact that his jockey, Willie Shoemaker, had openly suggested that blinkers might be the answer to Tompion's occasionally indifferent way of running. Warfare was second choice, but his connections, the Bellehurst Stable, owned by Clifton Jones, a Buena Park, Calif. housing developer and trained by Hack Ross, couldn't have cared less. Trainer Ross, a former fullback and triple letterman at Southern Methodist, corralled Milo Valenzuela before the race and said in his slow Texas drawl, "Lay third or fourth if you can until the stretch. Then go get 'em!"

Shoemaker, having drawn the inside post on Tompion, wasn't overpleased with instructions. Being on an habitual come-from-behind horse, Shoe was admittedly in a difficult spot. The choice was one of either breaking quickly to get position or taking back for a run on the outside and at the same time chancing trouble behind a wall of front runners. Shoe's decision to make a quick break and run with the pace will undoubtedly

*continued*



Frank Gifford, star halfback for the New York Giants, wears the new striped shag Jantzen sweater; photo by Tom Kelley.



## Shaggy sweater story suitable for mixed company

This is the new shag of three parts wool and one part mohair that is knit and then carefully brushed to give great length to the strands: something, possibly the affectionate stroking, makes the wool and mohair perform as if they are participating in the greatest event in history. This is possibly true: it is one of the finest sweaters of 1939, of that we are confident.

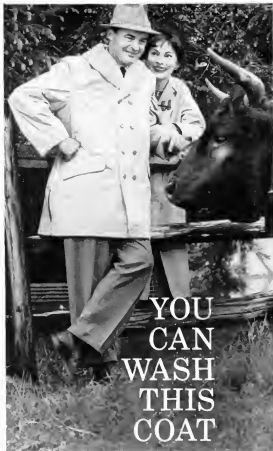
The sweater that Frank wears here is representative

only: there are shags of many colors and designs. In fact, difficult though it is to believe until you see them, we have provided *argyle* shags; you will like them.

The pictured sweater is \$12.95; others from one dollar less to the argyles, which are four dollars more.

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"Dacron" is Du Pont's trademark trademark for its synthetic fiber.



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## HORSE RACING continued

be the subject of considerable controversy, but as things developed it was probably the right move. Tompion went winging off, running freely behind Four Lane and Bally Aehe, and with the pace they set—:22 3 5 for the first quarter and :45 1 5 for the half—if Shoe had waited he'd still be waiting. He ranged up on the inside to contest the pace, with Warfare right up close; the other six horses made up a separate pack of their own, none of them ever to pose a serious threat to the first four.

Tompion was on the lead when they had gone six furlongs in 1:09 4 5 (itself a track mark), but at the head of the stretch Valenzuela, obeying instructions to the letter, opened up the throttle on Warfare, and gradually the little gray took command. Inside the 16th pole he drew away and won by a length. Valenzuela said later that he felt he had plenty of horse under him at the finish and that Warfare ran like a colt who wanted to go on. Meaning that he won't mind the added sixteenth of a mile he'll have to go if Owner Cliff Jones elects to make him a supplementary nomination for The Garden State. As for Tompion, he's going down Jersey way, too, and when the pair of them tackle such non-Champagne starters as Venetian Way, T. V. Lark, Sky Clipper and Azure's Orphan we will find out whether Warfare's 2-year-old title is pro tem or permanent.

If anyone is looking ahead to the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel on November 11, the only momentous news of the week is that the Russians are coming back for another crack at purses slightly larger than they are accustomed to in Moscow. Last year, you'll remember, this \$100,000 invitational scramble attracted a couple of 3-year-olds named Garnir and Zaryad. The invasion was not profitable. Zaryad, after several false starts, was finally left at the barrier and wound up last; Garnir was sixth in a field of 10. Now, it seems Garnir is returning and bringing with him a fellow 4-year-old named Flang.

The rest of the field, thus far, is: Round Table and Bald Eagle (U.S.); Lea-B (Mexico); Nagami and Primavera (England); Midnight Sun and Mi Carina (France); Vogel (Australia); and Up and Coming (New Zealand). No zadorgu!

END



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**2**

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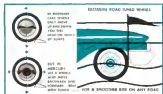
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## A capital offense

**Washington's horse show drew top hunters and jumpers but few kind words or spectators**

THE SECOND ANNUAL Washington horse show, which finally clopped and clumped to a conclusion at 2 a.m. on a rainy Wednesday last week, was a lackluster shambles. Because horses don't talk and humans frequently talk too much, no one will get the straight of it all very soon, but it appeared that the armory, while almost empty of spectators, was filled with enough intrigue to make the court of old Louis XIV seem like a plotter's kindergarten.

It was all the sadder because the collection of highest-quality hunters and jumpers present should have made any show a success. Instead, an evening at the armory was mainly soporific. The courses were dull and the appearance of the ring was drab. Still worse, the footing was treacherous. The airless stabling, furthermore, resulted in coughs and colds among the horses and, in the case of two of the big saddle horse exhibitors, in an abrupt exit with their entire string before the show was even halfway over.

However, simply because there was so much high-quality horsetflesh on the scene, some of the competition was bound to be good.

That sensational jumper, Windsor Castle, who, under the auspices of his new owners, Harold Marzano and Si Jayne ISI, July 29), has been champion at every show in which he has appeared this year, was back to defend his title. But this time he had a real fight on his hands. Warren Wofford, onetime USET member now living in England, returned to this country for the event, bringing his little Kansas-bred mare, Pat's Sister. This mare was the runt of the farm but she had a fiery jumping ability, and Wofford has been campaigning her successfully in Europe.

Her ability showed in Washington, too, and as the stake class ended, the show's jumper championship was still undecided; Windsor Castle and Pat's Sister were deadlocked with the same number of points. In the jump-off Windsor Castle went first and went clean. Wofford brought Pat's Sister into the ring next, but the little mare rubbed the top pole of the very first fence. So Windsor Castle was again the champion, with the mare in the reserve spot.

### OFFICIAL FINGER COUNTING

There was another tie that evening, though it took the officials a while to realize it. The conformation hunter titles and trophies were awarded: Mrs. Winston Guest's Cameda was the champion, with the Pettibones' Duke of Paeonian in the reserve spot. But one of the newsmen covering the show had been keeping his own set of points and found they did not tally with the official results. He asked for an explanation. It was then discovered that two horses were tied for the reserve honors and, what's more, the Duke of Paeonian was not even one of them. So the championship ribbon and trophy were retrieved from the Duke's owners, and a hack-off held to break the tie between the Fred A. Wilsons' Dragnet and Mrs. J. Deane Rucker's Spanish Mint. It was Spanish Mint who got the slightly used tricolored ribbon and trophy in the end.

The international jumping, featuring riders from the U.S., Canada, Brazil, Argentina and Mexico, was a sort of watered-down Pan American Games. The U.S. riders won six of the eight classes. The only classes they did not win were captured by Nelson Pessoa from Copacabana, Brazil. It was about 11 o'clock on the final night when he was awarded the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Challenge Trophy for the international jumping stake. There were still three more stake classes to go; they went before an almost empty house.

END

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## Tom Thumb's adventures with the Giants

**On a day of rare consistency  
New York's defense found  
a way to stop Tom McDonald**

**I**N the most unusual Sunday of the young professional football season, all of the favorites won. It has been a long time since the pros have been decent enough to pay such a handsome tribute to the handicappers.

No one believed, for instance, that the Philadelphia Eagles would repeat their recent and horrendous 49-21 upset of the New York Giants; and the Eagles, who were six-point underdogs for last Sunday's rematch, couldn't really make a contest of it after the first quarter as the defending Eastern Conference champions methodically whipsawed them with equally effective running and passing for a 24-7 victory. And not just incidentally, the 68,783 customers formed the second-largest crowd in Giant history, second only to last year's regular-season game with Baltimore.

The Pittsburgh Steelers, sadly surprised by the Washington Redskins a fortnight earlier, reacted violently this time, tackling so exuberantly they forced seven Redskin fumbles, scoring after three of them and whipping Washington 27-6. The Steeler pass defense, notably porous in the previous match against the Redskins, held Washington quarterbacks to three completions in 16 attempts and, unbelievably, to a minus 13 yards net in the passing statistics.

So it went throughout the league. The World Champion Baltimore Colts, miffed by reports that they are growing old and complacent, beat the Chicago Bears 21-7, with a late two-touchdown surge. The Los Angeles Rams, sometimes possessed of the most explosive offense in football, finally ignited it and burst the pre-

viously intact Green Bay bubble 45-6. The San Francisco 49ers, using the same aggressive, knowledgeable defense which held the Rams scoreless a couple of weeks ago, loosed two of the hardest-running backs in the league on the winless Detroit Lions for a 34-13 victory. J. D. Smith and elderly but spry Joe Perry gained 152 and 145 yards respectively.

Finally, the Cleveland Browns won their second game from the same team which provided them with their first victory. They beat the Chicago

Cardinals 17-7, injuring both the first-line Cardinal quarterbacks in doing it. The Cardinals finished the game with tall, gangling John Roach at the controls. Roach is a defensive halfback who once played T quarterback for Southern Methodist.

The Giants' amazing reversal of the 49-21 upset by the Eagles was due largely to defense, and the first objective of the Giant defense was stopping a small, tow-headed youngster from Oklahoma named Tommy McDonald, the favorite target of the Eagles' fine quarterback, Norman Van Brocklin. In the Eagle upset of the Giants he scored four touchdowns. On this cool Sunday he caught only two passes.

The night before the game, lying on the bed in his room in New York's Hotel Manhattan, McDonald seemed unusually relaxed. He tossed a penny in the air and caught it.

"I've always been doing things with my hands," he said. "If I'm just standing still I'll put three pennies on the back of my hand, toss 'em up and catch 'em on the way down, one at a time."



**GIANT END** Bob Schnelker ignores threatening goal post to catch scoring pass from Quarterback George Shaw as the New York victory gave team the conference lead.

He got up from the bed. "Like this," he said and flipped the pennies up and caught them, his hand flicking out rapidly three times, like a lizard's tongue.

"Lying down on the floor or on the bed and tossing a ball up and catching it helps, too," he said, lying down on the bed and tossing a penny up and catching it. "You have to keep your eyes up and your arms away from your body, like this. See my hands? They're over my head and spread so I can see to catch. That's a big help when you're going for the long pass."

#### HANDS UP

He got up again to demonstrate. "You want to keep your eyes up at the top of your head so you can follow the ball, and you want to reach without leaning. Leaning throws you off balance."

He sat on the edge of the bed, his hands clasped between his knees and looked at them. "I got good hands," he said seriously. "Every receiver up here has. I lost part of this thumb [his left] in a motor bike accident when I was a junior in high school, but it's stronger than the other now. Van Brocklin calls me Tom Thumb."

His hands are not very large and appear slender rather than strong.

"Another thing," he said. "If you want to be a good receiver you got to be a good actor. Elroy Hirsch was a great actor. You got to put on a false face. Your man watches your face and he can read your eyes, so you got to act your way past him. You got to make him think you're a decoy. Hirsch did that. He'd slow down like his part of the play was over, then take off. Fast, slow, fast. Speed is one of my big attributes."

Sunday afternoon against the Giants, McDonald used his speed, his acting ability and his fine hands, and he caught only two passes. Unfortunately, he ran into a defense concocted by one of the most astute defensive coaches in pro football, the Giants' Tom Landry. And Jim Patton, the key to the Giant secondary defense, who was injured and out of the first game between the two teams, was healthy and very much present at this game.

"We gave them passes to Dick Bielecki," Landry said after the game. "We had to double up our defense on McDonald and on Pete Retzlaff, so we

continued

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### PRO FOOTBALL, continued

had to cover Beltski only minimally. It worked out all right. Crow took McDonald short, and on the long passes, where he cut across field, Patton picked him up. It worked out pretty well."

Landry could gamble on this defense for two reasons: one, the Giant line overpowered the Eagle running offense; and two, the Giant linebackers and secondary defense were quick enough to hold Beltski's gains down to reasonably short yardage. The turning point in the game came, in fact, on Harland Sware's interception of a pass intended for Clarence Peaks. Landry has a few "pick-off" plays for his defense—plays in which a defender will purposely play a little out of position in order to lure an unsuspecting quarterback to throw into apparently unguarded territory. Sware's interception, good for 70 yards and a touchdown, came on a pass thrown into what must have seemed a very vulnerable spot. It wasn't. As McDonald found out, there were no apparent vulnerable spots in last Sunday's Giant defense. **END**

### X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pts Comp
Giants vs. Eagles	24 7	163 68	265 179	13 16
Colts vs. Bears	21 7	122 103	268 237	16 19
Steelers vs. Redskins	27 6	134 195	53 -13	8 3
Browns vs. Cardinals	17 7	869 98	176 122	17 7
49ers vs. Lions	34 13	296 117	108 180	7 12
Rams vs. Packers	45 6	258 117	198 145	16 14

### LEAGUE STANDINGS

#### WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
San Francisco	3	1	0	.750
Baltimore	3	1	0	.750
Green Bay	3	1	0	.750
Los Angeles	2	2	0	.500
Chicago Bears	1	3	0	.250
Detroit	0	4	0	.000

#### EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
New York	3	1	0	.750
Cleveland	2	2	0	.500
Pittsburgh	2	2	0	.500
Washington	2	2	0	.500
Philadelphia	2	2	0	.500
Chicago Cardinals	1	3	0	.250





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# PRO HAMLET

*Frank Gifford, the New York Giants' halfback, shown here in work clothes, may look like a leading man but he is one of the toughest and best in pro football. Although he feels that his career may lie in movies he risks his handsome profile in one of the roughest sports.*

*Photograph by John G. Zimmerman*







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SHOOTING THROUGH SHALLOWS OFF SAND BAR, PROPELLERLESS TURBOCRAFT SHOWS IT CAN HIT TOP SPEED IN FOOT OF WATER

BOATING / Mort Lund

## The almost no-water boat

**A new concept in motorboats, the fast Turbocraft water jet, passes stiff performance tests**

THE fast 16-footer at the top of the page is churning through some pretty shallow water, a practice that is obviously most unwise for any inboard. In this case, however, there is nothing to worry about. The boat is the radically different Buehler Turbocraft with a tough fiber-glass bottom and—as the drawings on the next pages show—it has no reason to fear for its propeller. In fact, it has none. The propeller has been replaced by a stream of water, the so-called water jet method of propulsion.

The boat is manufactured by Turbocraft Division of Indiana Gear Works, Inc., which is now turning them out at a rate of nine hulls a day. Last week *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* tested one of the early models. It was an

experience as interesting as it was at times startling. To begin with, the engine drives the boat by inhaling water through a grille in the bottom and pumping this same water rapidly out at the stern. The pump is a water turbine driven by a standard inboard engine. The propulsion principle is the same as that of a jet aircraft, depending directly on the basic law of motion that says every action must have an equal and opposite reaction. If water is ejected astern, the boat in turn must move forward.

The idea of water jet propulsion is not new; it has been tried before but never with commercial success. Engines were generally too bulky and too expensive, and the boats too slow. The Turbocraft's successful water jet system is the invention of a New Zealander, Bill Hamilton. Industrialist Hamilton spent seven years and half a million dollars working out the principles necessary for good water jet propulsion. He decided—correct-

ly—to let his jet empty above rather than below the water. (Air provides less resistance than water—a simple deduction that some of Hamilton's predecessors in the water jet field ignored.) He eliminated the bottom appendages that many of the early water jets used—scoops and rudders and such. He used a turbine (his own design) rather than a centrifugal pump with its less efficient flow pattern. And he took the trouble to design a flow system along curves that gave maximum thrust for the amount of energy expended in pumping.

The result was that New Zealand had a successful Hamilton Marine Jet for three years before the idea was bought and brought to the U.S. by John Buehler, president and owner of Indiana Gear Works, Inc., which currently is operating on a \$12 million annual gross. Buehler was looking around for diversification of his operations when the Hamilton Jet was

*continued*

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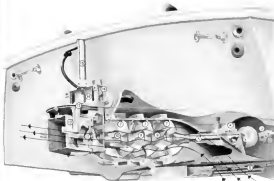


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**POWER PLANT** of Turbocraft is inboard engine (1) which transmits power through drive shaft (2), universal coupling (3) and thrust bearing (4) to turbine shaft (5). Water (see arrows) is drawn up through grid (6) in bottom of Turbocraft by whirling impeller blades (7) and directed astern first by reactor stator (8), then by booster stator (9) and straightening stator (10). Stream of water is speeded up as it leaves boat by passing through narrow nozzle (11). Boat is steered by means of deflector

### BOATING continued

brought to his attention. Within an hour he had a wire off to Hamilton. The wire read: "Ship one Hamilton Marine Jet, air express."

That was January. Buehler produced his first Turbocraft version of the marine jet this May. He was quick to see that the turbine system designed by Hamilton was inherently more efficient than a propeller system. The water in a turbine is confined within the tube in which the blades rotate, so there is very little slippage between water and blade compared to the slippage that occurs in conventional propeller operation in unconfined liquids.

Driving the Turbocraft off Long Island last week, I had ample proof of the system's efficiency. I found that the Turbocraft accelerated from dead in the water to 30 mph in about 15 seconds. Top speed is about 32 mph—very good for the 109-hp Gny Marine that powered this particular Turbocraft. (Fuel consumption claimed for the Turbocraft is a not unlikely 10% lower than that of comparable boats.) The boat's maneuverability is considerably beyond that of any boat I have driven. As an example, I learned I could take

the boat up to top speed, put the wheel hard over and fling the boat into a full 180° turn in its own length. This astounding maneuver is possible because there is no prop or rudder to trip the hull. Experienced Turbocraft test drivers perform the 180° turn within 15 feet of a dock, stopping it dead at dockside.

There are other things you can do with this water jet. You can set the wheel over at slow speeds and the hull will circle indefinitely and under control within a distance slightly greater than its own length. At full speed a test driver can shove the boat into reverse and he making sternway



**FORWARD** motion results when the gate (dark bar) is drawn up to high-speed position so jet stream shoots directly astern.



gets her outside chine so quickly out of harm's way it has no chance to catch and turn the boat over. Short of running her sidewise down an eight-foot breaker, it's hard to see how the boat could be made to turn turtle.

There is, however, a debit side to the picture. In order to change direction at slow speeds, for instance, you have to give it a short burst of power. The boat starts turning very quickly thereafter, but the need for a moment of acceleration is a handicap in close quarters. Another disadvantage is that the boat has no steering in reverse. It will back up in a straight line, but will not turn to either side. In order to head it in another direction you have to go into forward, get the new heading and then back the boat. Cavitation (overrevving because of air in the turbine) is only a problem in exceptional circumstances, such as riding off a really high wave that takes the grille out of water for a period of several seconds, a combination of circumstances that would be caused only by bad judgment and bad luck.

Mechanically, the boat has two weak points. One is the forward-reverse control mechanism which has to be held down an extra second or two to insure that the control gate is in the proper place (see drawings below). This, says Buehler, is in the process of being corrected by the introduction of a push-button system. The second weakness is the thrust bearing of the turbine—it must be watched to see that it does not run dry. The strain on it makes it difficult to keep it perfectly sealed.

Visually, the fascinating characteristic of the Turbocraft is the stream of water it throws. Although it drops into the water three or four feet behind the transom under normal run-

continued

gate (12), which is turned from one side to the other by steering cables attached to quadrant (13). Forward-reverse gate (14) is moved up and down by hydraulic pump (15) (see drawings below). Engine-cooling water is taken off by tap (16).

in a single boat length. And you can go anywhere: through heavy marsh grass, over submerged stump pa, across mudbanks—all you need for a planing run is three inches of water.

During the test runs I had a chance to work the boat both on smooth creek water and a good stiff chop in Great South Bay. In flat water she moved at trolling speed (down to 2 mph) without fuss and in good control. Out in the chop she behaved well on the straight runs (although she's not an exceptionally dry hull). Cornering in a chop the boat proved considerably superior to the normal prop inboard. The Turbocraft banks and



**RIDING** position of gate, halfway down, causes jet stream to be bottled inside turbine, robbing turbine of its entire thrust.



**REVERSE** motion occurs when the water stream is directed forward under hull by lip of control gate in its lowest position.

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## BOATING continued

ning, the stream occasionally forms a rooster tail of spray which can blast back 30 feet or so under the right conditions (one: a full throttle start from dead in the water). Right at the transom opening the jet of water is coming out of the turbine at about 65 mph. If you should happen to be hanging on to the transom behind the jet opening when the driver guns the throttle to wide open, you would feel as if someone had given you a hard kick in the head. However, at speeds up to three or four knots you can hang your head in the jet stream without getting anything more than a stinging washdown. This makes Turbo-



JET COMES OUT GENTLY AT LOW SPEED

craft a safer boat for handling water skiers and swimmers than any prop craft could be.

Buehler's Turbocraft Division is now in full swing; it will have 800 Turbocraft on the market by the end of the year (16-footers with choice of several marine engines). Then Buehler will shift to newer models. The first will be an improved 16-footer and a new 18-footer. There will also be a 23-footer in 1960. The boats will sell for about the same as inboards of comparable performance: the savings in construction (no shaft, gears, props or strut problems) cover the cost of the turbine.

Time, of course, is the final arbiter of the worth of a new design. But if the Turbocraft stands up to normal use and wear in the hands of its new owners in the next year or so, the future for propellers in the inboard field may look as dark as Mr. Buehler's future looks bright.

END





PHOTOGRAPHED BY TIM WELLS, DINO ST. JOHN, LUCKY, SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

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*by Jerry and Anne Chase (who tried one near Fort Gerónimo in Puerto Rico)*

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Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

FOOD / *Evan Jones*

## Race driver to restaurateur

THE STILL POINT of the turning world—at least for a select handful of the men who drive racing automobiles and their associates—is the center of a round table regularly provendered with good food in midtown New York. Food, *ambiance* and table are the works of a race driver turned restaurateur, an urbane and gentle Frenchman named René Dreyfus, who is looking directly at you in the photograph above. In characteristic proximity to René is his brother and lifelong partner, Maurice Dreyfus, in the bar area of the Chantelclair restaurant, which the two men own and operate together.

continued



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The bright emblems of automobile clubs from all parts of the world and the signed portraits of many of the world's greatest racing drivers form an appropriate décor here. Because of René's background as a star of the international racing fraternity, other members of the piston brotherhood were drawn early to the Chanteclair, and the restaurant's French cuisine has proven so consistently rewarding that its circular board—a large table toward the back of the establishment—has become the unofficial noontime gathering place for all itinerant drivers who happen to be in town.

Food has always been something more than fuel for René Dreyfus. In 14 years as a professional driver on European race courses, he sampled the culinary wares of the Continent's best hostilities, and the resulting fastidious palate led him, without hesitation, into the equally competitive world of restaurant ownership. It may well be that his skill—and success—at competition has made the Chanteclair as thriving as it is: drawing not only auto enthusiasts, the restaurant's single large room, enclosed with murals of Paris scenes, fills up tight every lunch- and dinner-time.

Dreyfus began to feel the urge to race when he started piloting his father's Clement-Bayard at the age of 9. When he was 18 he and his brother Maurice bought a six-horsepower Mathis, and in 1924, with René at the wheel, it became the winner in its class in the Circuit des Gatlères. In the years that followed, René won 36 first places, including the Grands Prix of Monaco, Belgium, Rheims, Florence, Dieppe, Cork, Pau and Tripoli. His manager and principal rooster through it all was Maurice.

In 1940 René came to the U.S. to represent France at the Indianapolis Speedway and stayed to open his first restaurant, in partnership with another Frenchman, Maurice at the time was in the French army. "It was a country place in northern New Jersey, and we had good luck with it from the start," René recalls. Luck followed with a second restaurant, opened in Manhattan on West 55th Street after René had served with the U.S. Army. After the war, in 1946, Maurice joined him in this endeavor. But the round table of auto racing did not materialize until the Dreyfus brothers established the Chanteclair

on East 49th Street in 1953. "The round table just grew," René says. "The table itself was part of the Chanteclair's original equipment, but the spirit it now represents developed as men who love to talk about cars—race drivers and observers and organizers of racing—began making a habit of having lunch here. Somehow that big round table became theirs alone."

Although its diameter never changes, the table, originally designed to seat six, has proved amazingly expandable; no matter how many aficionados are gathered in the chosen circle, there seems to be always room for a traveling guest, arriving late, to pull up another chair and wedge his knees beneath a few square inches of tablecloth. And when that guest is a top driver like Stirling Moss or Phil Hill there is a little more sizzle in the round table conversation, if not in the Chanteclair kitchen.

"To understand that racing has become truly international," Dreyfus says, "all you have to do is see the variety of food ordered at that table. Perhaps some of them acquired new tastes at Savini's in Milan during the Mille Miglia—or were at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo for the Rallye. I remember one time in Brussels—"

He was interrupted when an American on his way to drive at Le Mans stopped to say goodbye. When he returned to the conversation, he smiled. "One of the round table favorites is our *boeuf bourguignon*. For myself, I like nothing better than *filets de sole Cardinal*, which is a regular lunchtime dish here on Fridays. The choice does not matter. The important thing is that we racers like to eat well."

A great many people who like to eat well have discovered that in dining at the Chanteclair a high point



GALLIC FEATURES of René Dreyfus show joy of triumph as he rises from Delahaye after winning 1933 Grand Prix of Cork.

can be reached with the very first course. Among the house specialties on the dinner menu are some appetizers not soon to be forgotten—notably the cloudlike cheese pastry prepared by Chef Jacques Jaffry which is christened *feuilleté au Roquefort*, and a fine version of the classic *coquille Saint-Jacques*. The former, a challenge to the expert pastry cook, requires several hours in the making. The latter is a comparatively simple preparation, as detailed in the following instructions by chef Jaffry.

#### COQUILLE CHANTECLAIR

- 1 pound bay scallops
- 5 medium-size mushrooms
- 1 tablespoon chopped shallots
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 1/2 cups light cream
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tablespoons whipped cream
- Salt, cayenne pepper

Shred mushrooms and cook three minutes in 2 tablespoons of butter. Add

scallops, shallots and wine and braise gently for five minutes. Add cream and bring to a boil; then lower heat. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. Meanwhile prepare a *beurre manié* by mixing 1/2 cup flour and 1/2 cup melted butter into a smooth paste. Stir this into scallop mixture and simmer gently at least two minutes to cook flour thoroughly. When the sauce has thus been thickened, pour it into 6 scallop shells, reserving 1/2 cup of sauce for glazing. Mix 2 egg yolks into this half cup of sauce, then fold in the whipped cream. Pour over filled shells and glaze in broiler a few seconds until golden.



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## Season of truth

A report from Madrid on the epic 'mano a mano' series fought by Ordóñez and Dominguín and some unkind words for critics

THE Spanish bullfight season begins in Castellón de la Plana at the end of February and ends in Zaragoza in the middle of October. This year, during the proscribed 250 or so afternoons of death, the sands were trod as never before. There were some 360 *corridos de toros*—about 40 more than in any previous year. More than 2,000 bulls were killed, and 1,130 ears (plus assorted tails and hoofs) were awarded to 63 practicing matadors.

Impressive as all this may be, it still must be said that this season did not really begin until June 27, and that it ended less than two months later, on Aug. 21. For many aficionados, it consisted of just 10 bullfights, 49 bulls and 47 ears (plus 11 tails and four hoofs). These were fought, killed and cut by two bullfighters who are brothers-in-law, Luis Miguel Dominguín and Antonio Ordóñez.

Dominguín and Ordóñez are the two greatest matadors fighting today (SI, Aug. 17). Each has his following.

Aficionado Pablo Picasso, speaking for one side, says: "The greatest matador alive today is Luis Miguel." Aficionado Ernest Hemingway disagrees. Almost every day this year he has told somebody that "Antonio is the finest who ever lived."

It was the old question of who is *numero uno*, but this year it was debated at the summit. During their series together they did not cut ears of every bull they faced. But on each bull, each rival proved that he was indeed worthy of his opponent. Proof of greatness this season came bitterly at times. On July 30 in Valencia, Luis Miguel was seriously gored because he was fighting too close to a treacherous bull in a near hurricane. He fought too close because he was a bullfighter and the bull was a bull and Ordóñez was his rival and had already cut an ear that day. Ordóñez was gored two days later in Palma on the island of Mallorca, possibly because he had tired himself out staying at

the bedside of his injured brother-in-law and rival.

The best test of a bullfighter's courage is his first performance after a serious goring. On Aug. 14 in the sunny southern city of Málaga the test came for Ordóñez and Dominguín. Ordóñez, his thigh wound still not fully healed, was barely in condition to be on the sands. Dominguín should not have been there at all. His wound, in the abdomen, had taken too much out of him. Moreover, it was still open, draining and festering. It was a strain for him even to walk.

The Málaga fight was *wano a wano*, and each man had to face three Juan Pedro Domecq bulls. Aficionados lucky enough to see it agree it probably was the greatest single bullfight in at least 20 years. Dominguín was tossed once, and the crowd screamed in horror. But, helped by his brother Domingo, the maestro got up slowly and, obviously in pain, continued as if nothing had happened, as if the horns were mere bananas. From the beginning to the end of that memorable day the passes were clean, slow, majestic. Even the swordmanship, today a dying art, was superb; the six bulls were killed with exactly six sword thrusts. Dominguín and Ordóñez cut 17 trophies: Dominguín four ears, two tails and a hoof, Ordóñez six ears, two tails, two hoofs.

If the Málaga fight was the peak of the season, it was also the beginning of the end. For Dominguín had come back much too soon. His strength was not enough to meet the furious schedule that followed—Bayonne, France on Aug. 15 and 16, Ciudad Real on Aug. 17 and Bilbao four days later. In Bilbao, Luis Miguel Dominguín was gored again. He had been too weak to get out of the way when a bull charged a picador's horse, and its horns broke through the bandages and entered his still open wound.

This was the end of the season for Dominguín and, in a sense, for almost everyone else. Ordóñez kept fighting, and kept cutting ears, but his inspiration was gone, and on Sept. 11 at Albarrate, he became involved in the year's great scandal. The whole thing actually started in Bilbao on Aug. 18, when Ordóñez' two picadors, brothers Manuel and Enrique Silvestre Gómez were fined for jabbing their pikes too deep into the bulls' backs and twisting them in the wounds. It was the third such fine of the year for both picadors, and

continued



A SWORDSMAN'S DAY was enjoyed at Málaga by Ordóñez (above) and Dominguín. Each of the rivals killed each of his three fine bulls with a single brilliant thrust.





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## BULLFIGHT

according to bullfight rules it is three strikes and out. Both were suspended for two months. Ordóñez refused to take their suspensions seriously. He kept them in his *cuadrilla*, giving them temporary new names. For the next three weeks he forced police at each ring in which he was to appear to swallow the gag. But at Alhacete, Civil Governor Santiago Guillén Moreno called off the fight and threw Antonio in jail. When the dust had cleared, Ordóñez had been fined 75,000 pesetas (\$1,250) and had been suspended from Spanish rings for the rest of the year.

Every year since the beginning of bullfighting, through good seasons and bad, there has been a handy supply of embittered critics mourning for the good old days. This year, despite the brilliance of Ordóñez and Domínguez, the dirge is being sounded again. One of the mourners is Robert Graves, the novelist and poet, who unfortunately sees most of his fights on Mallorca. The common theme is that the bulls are smaller and less brave, the matadors all cowardly, and that anyhow all horns are shaved so there is no danger whatsoever.

None of this is true. The bulls today are not smaller than they were 30 years ago. In 1930, the average weight *en caudal* (on the hook) of the meat of bulls killed on May 17 and 25 and on June 8 and 12 in Madrid was 603 pounds. This year, the meat of bulls killed during nine fights from May 14 to 24 averaged 702 pounds. On the hoof, the difference would have been even greater. And as far as the cowardliness of bull and man is concerned, never have so many bullfighters been gored as this year. During one 44-day period (July 25 to Sept. 6), horn wounds sent 42 bullfighters to the hospital. Nor are horns shaved in the major rings of Spain. There is shaving, of course, but not in Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, Valencia or Bilbao.

No one can deny that the bullfight is slowly changing. Two centuries ago it was a mass bloodletting held in the town square for the delight of the king. With Juan Belmonte and the later refiners of his style, bullfighting has become what it is today: at its best, courage, art and grace in the face of the horns of death; at its worst, a horrid butchery. Much of the time this past season it has been at its best.

END

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## Pleasant evening long ago

NEWS of the passing of Football Commissioner Bert Bell and a question which came to me in the mail that same day combined to recall a bridge hand of long ago which will serve perhaps as Bert's bridge epitaph. In the days when I could ill afford such blows, this same hand very nearly served as my own.

I first saw Bert Bell in action on the gridiron at the Polo Grounds on November 8, 1919, when he was captain and quarterback of the University of Pennsylvania football team in its historic game against the Big Green of Dartmouth. It was in the days when the Ivy League was enjoying its heyday, and the Red and Blue lineup contained many illustrious names, not the least of which was Lou Little, who subsequently served as coach of Columbia for more than a quarter of a century. In what was regarded as a staggering upset, the Dartmouth Indians scalped their highly rated Quaker adversaries, winning by a score of 20-19, which put an end to a very busy and harrowing day for the late commissioner. On the victorious team was a sturdy guard, "Swede" Youngstrom, who became a regular member of our bridge junto in the days after his graduation.

Ask me the color of Bert Bell's hair and I cannot answer—in this case it isn't my memory that is at fault. At the Racquet Club and the Penn AC, where we frequently played, there were no ladies in the cast, so that some of the social amenities were not always observed. Bert Bell did not impress me as a man of many superstitions, but on one point he was adamant: he refused to play bridge with his head uncovered. He also preferred to play with a minimum of conven-

tion in his bidding, and he did not always conform even to that minimum. If this made him a somewhat difficult partner, it also made him a difficult opponent, as you will soon observe.

North-South vulnerable  
South dealer

NORTH			
♠	J 9 5 7 4 3 2		
♥	A		
♦	K Q 9 6 3		
♣	—		
WEST		EAST	
♠	6	♠	8
♥	A 10 3	♥	7 6 5
♦	A J 10 5	♦	8 4 2
♣	K Q J 9 5	♣	K 7 6 4 3 2
NORTH			
♠	A K Q 10		
♥	K Q J 9 8 2		
♦	7		
♣	A 10		
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(Bell)	(Green)		
1♠	DOUBLE	4♠	PASS
6♣	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

There is no denying that most people, even in those early contract days about a quarter century ago, had become convinced of the virtue of opening the bidding in their longest suit. But it was equally incontrovertible that South's spades were stronger in high cards than his hearts, and also that they included 100 honors. It may be that latterly, in his law-enforcing role of football commissioner, Bert would have opened the bidding with one heart. But in those days, as the director of a then shaky gridiron enterprise known as the Philadelphia Eagles, he would and did bid one spade.

Although I would prefer to hold a bit more strength in the other major

—hearts—my high-card strength in the West hand seemed to justify a takeout double of one spade at my first opportunity and a business double of six spades at my second. I was right, but I was also wrong.

In justification of Bert's slam bid, I must point out that this was in the days before Mr. Blackwood had presented his ace-showing four no-trump convention, so it is academic that this was also in the days before Bell would have accepted such constraint. The fact is that a void in North's hand would have been just as good as an ace. And so it proved in this case.

The possibility of a void, in fact, deterred me from opening either of my aces. It seemed so much safer to open from the solid sequence in clubs and wait to see which ace would come home. But it turned out that the answer, after that ill-fated club lead, was "neither."

Bert let the king of clubs come around to his ace, discarding dummy's singleton heart. He then put through the king of hearts, trumping my ace in dummy. Next he returned to his hand with a trump and continued with the heart suit. When my 10 dropped, he was able to discard all five of dummy's diamonds, so he never lost a trick. The small slam, doubled and made with an overtrick, cost us 2,060 points (750 for the slam, 50 for making contract, 200 for the overtrick, 300 for the doubled trick score, and 700 for the rubber). Bert was a man of few words, but as he chalked up the score, he broke the silence with, "You're lucky he [pointing at the dummy] didn't redouble."

And so I was. For though I know now that I could have set the hand by taking my two aces, I'm sure that doubled and redoubled I'd still have opened a club.

That leaves unanswered only the question submitted by mail to which I referred earlier. It was: "Is it correct to lead an ace against a slam bid?" You'll find my answer in the customary "extra trick."

### EXTRA TRICK

Yes, it is O.K. to lead an ace against a slam bid—if you have at least two of them.

END



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## Tip from the Top

### Pulling down and through

GOLFERS who can play the game every day and who start off by having exceptional control of their body action—which the average golfer doesn't—can inaugurate the downswing with their hips. For the average player, though, the best way to launch the downswing is to pull down with your left arm. What sort of a pulldown is it? Well, as you have heard before, it is something like pulling the rope of a bell. Do you pull straight down? Not exactly. You should pull the butt of the club toward the ball.

Remember, this pulling down is done by the left arm. It's the controlling agent, and if you let it be you will escape the many troubles that result from trying to push the club down from the top with the right hand and the right shoulder. By pulling down with the left arm and keeping that arm straight you automatically bring the right arm into the proper hitting position: the elbow is leading and the upper arm comes in close to the body. The right hand then will be just where it should be when it uncocks into the ball.

Let me emphasize that, as far as conscious moves are concerned at the beginning of the downswing, limit this to the left arm and hand. They not only pull the club into position but they must keep pulling all the way through the swing until the left hand is hip-high on the follow-through. When you pull all the way through, you will finish high. It is the natural, inevitable result of the correct, strong swing.



NEXT TIP: Jo Ann Prentice on a lighter right hand in putting



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED  
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## WARRR EEEGLE

continued from page 25

tradition and partly because he and his mother and daddy greatly enjoyed the baked chicken served to them at a training table meal during an exploratory visit. (Dietitian Helen Twigg is definitely not the least important persuader in Dodd's recruiting program.)

When practice began this fall, Captain Baughan assembled the Tech squad and laid it down that "we are going to play as a team, not just 11 or 22 men." In the opener with Kentucky he anchored a gorgeous goal-line stand that preserved the Tech victory, stopping the Wildcats a yard away from a first down and four yards from the goal, a stonewall effort that "made" the Tech team, in Dodd's estimate.

"Maxie does the best job of anyone on the field," said the No. 1 offensive quarterback Freddy Braselton the other day. "He inspires everyone to play like he does." (Braselton, by the way, has publicly expressed his shame over "playing more for myself than the team" in 1958 and his rededication to one-for-all football. A Texan himself, he was the hero of Tech's victory

over SMU's Don Meredith & Co.)

Bobby Dodd made it perfectly clear that he did not intend to change his famous punt, pounce and proceed style one iota for the men of Auburn.

"I doubt if either team will score more than one touchdown, whether it rains or not, but I hope it doesn't rain. I hate to see rainy football games."

On Saturday morning, as the enemy entrained from Auburn (named by a hookish farmer's daughter who was smitten by the poet Oliver Goldsmith's line, "Auburn, loveliest village of the plain"), a light rain fell from the mists enshrouding Atlanta. Apart from Dodd's well-known distaste for rain, this was considered a favorable omen for Auburn. The Tiggers had just whacked Kentucky 35-0 on a soggy day; their brawny linemen were well suited to slogging it out on a muddy field; and anyway, as the Atlanta sportswriter Furman Bisher put it, "Auburn leads the conference in aerial ineffectiveness."

Auburn also led the conference in hurt pride, serving, as it was, the next-to-last season of probation under some of the most drastic penalties for illegal recruiting ever ordered by the NCAA. Its fires of determination

continued



**OREGON EXPLOSION** on the Coast propelled junior Halfback Dave Grayson (30) for a damaging 19-yard gain against the Air Force Academy as 1961



**NORTHWESTERN TACKLE** by Quarterback Larry Wood temporarily interrupted Michigan's only scoring drive of the day after End Bob Johnson (89) caught a 15-yard pass. Victors by 20-7, amazing Wildcats remained undefeated and aspirants for top national ranking.

## THE BIG QUESTION ABOUT GEORGE IZO



AN UNSMILING IZO

GEORGE IZO moved back to throw his first pass of the 1959 season, disposed of a big California end, fended off a guard, then threw. Bob Searpitta made the catch to complete a 26-yard touchdown and it appeared as though both Izo and Notre Dame were realizing their mutual dream—that he would be a quarterback to match the great ones in the university's history. Izo is the type of quarterback every coach longs for: a powerfully built passer who packs 210 pounds over a 6-foot-2 frame. Although in his senior year of high school his team won only four of nine games, the college scouts were trailing him. Purdue's Coach Jack Mollenkopf thought he had captured George, but Izo's father, once a promising lineman under Knute Rockne, filled his son with legends of the Fighting Irish. Thus

it was that George matriculated at South Bend and began passing in earnest.

After earning his letter as a sophomore, Izo badly sprained an ankle during initiation for the Monogram Club. George missed spring practice, and it was not until mid-season last year that he saw much action. When he did it was against Mollenkopf and Purdue, with the Boilermakers leading 23-3. Izo connected on pass after pass, though Purdue wobbled off with a 29-22 win.

As he readied for the 1959 season George seemed perfect for Coach Joe Kuharick's plans for installing the pro-type T. Still, Notre Dame fans fretted about a tough schedule and a poor team. There was more to fret about when Izo injured a knee in a pre-season practice. He sat out two games, then made his debut against California. Last week against Michigan State and before a nationwide television audience, George was plagued in the first half by in-rushing linemen. But in the second half he was sharper, leading the Irish on a long march that was stopped on the one-yard line and connecting for six out of 12 passes. So now the big question about George Izo no longer concerns his ability as a college quarterback but rather the durability of his leg.





Ducks ended the high-flying Falcon's undefeated streak at 14 games. Grayson, who had taken the ball from Quarterback Star Dave Gross, was brought down by converging linemen. Oregon's 29-3 decision extended its own victory string to five games and thrust the Ducks further into prominence as candidates for the Rose Bowl.



**OHIO STATE REBOUND** from shocking shutout defeats by Southern Cal and Illinois was marked by Coarh Woody Hayes's return to his hallowed "four yards and a cloud of dust" offense. Smashing Buckeye line play in 15-0 victory over favored Purdue included jarring tackle of Back Len Wilson (43) by OSU Center Dick Anders.

**YALE SURPRISE STORY** continued happily, with Quarterback Tom Singleton (10) running for a solid eight yards here on option play in Blue's 23-0 defeat of Cornell. Yale, beaten seven times last year, emerged as nation's only undefeated, unscored-on major college team. Elis best shut out their first four opponents in 1921.



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WARRR EEEGLE continued

were additionally fueled by the fact that Tech had won 11 of the 14 previous games during Bobby Dodd's head-coaching career.

When the tarpaulin on Grant Field had to come up for pregame calisthenics the field became somewhat slick, but the rain stopped before the kick-off and playing conditions were tolerable until the middle of the third quarter.

To say that neither team gambled would be to understate the case violently. J. P. Morgan never selected a stock as carefully as Tech and Auburn played football Saturday. It was a classic exercise in old-fashioned defensive football, with much grunting and shoving between the 30-yard lines and an immoderate number of third-down punts.

Along toward the end of the second quarter, Tech's Billy Shaw pounced on a fumble at the Auburn 18-yard line, and—whammo—the Engineers proceeded to score in four plays. Soph Halfback Chick Graning, who tragically lost his bride in an automobile accident in August and has been gimpy ever since from the injury he suffered, popped up as the newest Tech hero. His 12-yard thrust to the one-yard line paved the way for Braselton's touchdown plunge. Until then it looked like Tech's day, but Temmy Wells thereupon missed his first conversion of the season, and as the second half began Auburn huffed and huffed 71 yards for the tying score. This was in defiance of Dodd's Law, which says drives from deep in one's own territory rarely succeed. No law student, young Bobby Hunt guided his team slickly and ran the last six yards himself. A straight-A pre-med student, Ed Dyer, kicked the winning point, and the War Eagle cry rang out.

Soon afterward it began to rain, and now Maxie Baughan and his mates summoned up all their desire. Before a capacity throng of 44,174, huddled under umbrellas in mushroomlike tiers in the stadium and reminiscent of the cemetery scene in the play *Our Town*, Tech earned two chances for victory. It capitalized on neither, as the vastly unlucky Wells twice failed to kick field goals.

"A good Auburn team and the law of averages caught up with us today," said Bobby Dodd.

"WARRR EEEGLE," screamed the delighted partisans of Auburn. "WARRR EEEGLE."

END



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# BUICK DEALERS



**DENIS** Savit, Kitchener, in eighth Canadian year is brilliant Montreal back.



**KENTRICK'S** Dick Shiro is a Toronto fullback, has played five seasons in Canada.



**IOWA'S** Willy, Kalamazoo, in first year is leading Varsity's catcher.

## YOUNG MAN, GO

ACROSS the United States last week the nights were getting cold, the leaves had turned brown, and husky young men in colorful uniforms were well launched into the professional football season. The same annual phenomena were taking place across the Dominion of Canada, too, from Montreal to Vancouver, only more so. For there, already, some nights have been downright frigid, trees were already stark—and the professional football season, frankly and unabashedly referred to by many Canadians with more truth than originality as "autumn madness," had passed the halfway mark. Already

two coaches had been fired, one of them Hampton Pool of the Toronto Argonauts; Ronnie Knox, the temperamental quarterback from UCLA, had gotten his annual burst of headlines, this time by quitting football forever in order to go to Mexico or Europe to write poetry.

Though the crisp Canadian air was filled with talk of football, the names you heard had a familiar sound south of the border as well. In the West two young men who, less than a year ago, faced each other as rival quarterbacks in the Rose Bowl were continuing their rivalry for different sponsors and this time for excellent

first-year pay. Iowa's Randy Duncan was playing for the Vancouver Lions, California's Joe Kapp was a solid quarterback with the Calgary Stampeders. And both were learning a few tricks from the Mississippi State All-American, Jackie Parker of the Edmonton Eskimos. Back East, a Hamilton tackle with the hauntingly reminiscent name of Bronko Nagurski was blunking for Quarterback Bernie Faltney. Montreal's Sam Etcheberry, the most indestructible quarterback in football, if not the best, was playing in his 143rd consecutive professional game, pitching, as usual, to a 10-year veteran of pro

**IOWA'S** Kenny Pison is a Jack-of-all-trades for Winnipeg in his third full year.



**BRACKS** Johnny Bright was an all-Canadian pro in 1928 as Edmonton fullback.



**MISSISSIPPI STATE'S** Jackie Parker twice won valuable-player honors at Edmonton.





**NORTH** James Vince Scott is Hamilton guard, at 44 is an 18th Canadian season



**LRAN** Gerry McDougall gained 1,954 yards as star Hamilton fullback in 1955



**MARVANDEN** Boris Fulmer, 1946, is Hamilton, passed for 18 TDs last season

# NORTH!

*The 12 footballers here and 150 other American players are already in Canada, and like it. The pay is excellent and the fans inordinately loyal*

by BOOTON HERNON

professional football, Red O'Quinn, formerly of Wake Forest, the Philadelphia Eagles and the Chicago Bears.

All in all, there are more than 150 American football players, called Imports, on the rosters of the nine teams making up the Canadian Football League, plus 40 or so coaches, trainers and executives. The game they play differs little, really, from what you see in the U.S. The two-aged drum majorettes in the half-time show kick their tasseled boots a little more friskily, perhaps, in order to keep their circulation going, and on the field the play moves along faster, with less dead time.

Canadian football is a good game for the spectators and it is good to the players, especially the Imports. Most of them really get a kick out of playing, plus—in most cases—more money in the early years than they would make in the U.S. see box on page 86; good treatment, rapt worship from the fans and the chance to build a personal career in a booming country so crazy about football and football players that the fans turn out for practice.

"I came up here with nothin' six years ago," Big Bully Shipp of Alabama and Montreal said. "Now I got a good business, a nice home, money

in the bank, nine Labrador retrievers, and a Siamese cat."

Imports like Shipp are comparatively new in Canadian football. The sepia photographs of the shockheaded stars of the '30s, glowering grimly from the walls of the Ottawa Roughriders clubhouse, give proof that they've been playing the game a long time in Canada. But it wasn't until 1948 that all the clubs of the Canadian Football League began going after Imports. They sent out railing parties armed with fat checkbooks south across the border to prey on the American pro teams. Many a proved

*continued*

**CALIFORNEY'S** Joe Kapp starred in Rose Bowl last January, now leads Calgary

**WAKE FOREST'S** Red O'Quinn led Eastern pass receivers as Montreal end in 1958.

**ROWEN'S** Randy Duncan, Kapp's Rose Bowl foe, continues in role at Vancouver



star, under signed contract to an American club, was lured north in spite of it.

Four years ago the National Football League and the National Football League made peace, and now they keep hands off each other's signed players. But they still compete fiercely for the rookies. Some clubs spend \$50,000 a year recruiting college players in the U.S. Montreal's international telephone bill alone is over \$5,000.

American players are far from resented in Canada; they are demanded. The vociferous fans want the best football they can get and, they have faced it, the few Canadian high schools and colleges fielding teams do not turn out enough good players to give them that American quality. And so they yell for Imports.

However, Imports cost big money. Most American rookies playing in Canada get anywhere from \$8,000 for a rookie lineman to \$18,500 for a top quarterback or half carrier. This includes only the 10-week regular season, from August 18 through October 24. The series of postseason playoff games, which lasts approximately a full month, brings in more money. To hold down expenses, clubs are permitted to dress only 28 men per game (American teams field 36 men), of which only 12 can be Imports. Each club carries a half dozen or so Imports in reserve.

Because of the small squad and the nature of the Canadian game, the Imports must be a special breed of ballplayer. Most of them are expected to play both offense and defense. Even the specialists have to hustle. There are no time-outs (an extra minute is set aside between quarters for the TV commercial), and the field is longer and wider. "Getting in and out of the ball game is a 60-yard dash," Randy Duncan, who is fortunate enough to play only on offense, observed.

There are only three downs in Canadian football and, consequently, more passing and outside running plays. Everybody, interior linemen included, runs all game long. This can be wearying. After some 55 minutes of all-out football during a night game against Montreal early this

year, Hamilton Tackle John Barrow collapsed with heat exhaustion and a succession of agonizing cramps. He had lost 15 pounds.

Now Barrow is not a small fellow unused to heat. He's a 245-pound former All-America from Florida. "Ah, nevah passed out back home," he protested.

Nor, Barrow says, did he have it so good back home. The Detroit Lions offered him \$12,500, plus the stipulation, unusual in pro ball, that he

from Miami (Ohio), has a huge circle of admirers in Ottawa. He took me for a ride in his orange-and-white convertible, top down, and from both sides of the quiet streets came cries of "Hi, Tom!" and "Hello, Mister Jones!" which the emperor acknowledged with becoming dignity. Tom is the color of hot fudge, 6 feet 5, weighs 280, and was wearing a cap, sunglasses and a T shirt with Miami stenciled across the front in red.

"It's amazing how many people recognize me," he observed, pride and wonder in his voice.

All this adulation is appreciated by the players. They play with abandon, knocking themselves and each other out for the customers. An almost unbelievable example of the old Canadian try occurred in the 1954 game for the Grey Cup and the national championship, when Eagle Keys, Eskimo center and the only

## MORE PAY FOR ROOKIES

An American in Canada begins with a definite financial edge over his U.S. counterpart. However, salaries even up later on. Following is a comparison of amounts paid American players in Canada and in the U.S.:

	ROOKIE		3 YEAR VET		SENIOR	
	CAN.	U.S.	CAN.	U.S.	CAN.	U.S.
LINEMEN	\$ 8,000	\$4,000	\$10,000	\$ 8,500	\$15,000	\$18,500
QUARTERBACKS	\$12,000	\$9,000	\$15,000	\$13,000	\$18,500	\$22,000
OTHER BACKS	\$ 9,000	\$7,500	\$12,000	\$10,000	\$15,000	\$18,500

couldn't he cut for two years. He turned it down. "Up here," he said, "football's fun."

In Canada, when a player is hurt, the fans fill his hospital room with flowers and wires. When Her Majesty the Queen of Canada and some other lands visited Winnipeg this summer, Coach Bud Grant of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers attended the formal dinner in her honor and was introduced to her as one of Winnipeg's leading citizens. Apparently some fans would like to extend a kind of diplomatic immunity to football players. When Dave Mann of Toronto was charged with possession of marijuana and the club held him out of the lineup pending the outcome, the fans protested bitterly.

"Personally," one blistering letter to the management concluded, "I don't give a damn if he is guilty or not, and I think most of the fans feel the same way."

People wave and shout at the players as they walk down the street. Tom Jones, the monstrous tackle

representative of Turkey Neck Bend, Ky., on the field, played the last quarter with a broken leg. Such devotion to duty pays off; Keys today is head coach of the Eskimos.

Whether it is the inspiration of the fans or the radiance of the northern lights, some run-of-the-mill players in the States have developed into heroes in Canada. Dick Shatto was of so little importance to the University of Kentucky six years ago that when he got married his athletic scholarship was canceled. Shatto went back home to Springfield, Ohio and a job as a construction laborer. He wrote a letter to the Argonauts asking for a tryout and they said, sure, come along. For months before he reported, Shatto ran wind sprints for an hour every morning, put in a 10-hour day on the job, then ran more wind sprints in the evening. When practice began he was fast, sharp and ready; he made the team.

Today Shatto is tremendous. As a ball carrier and pass receiver he would star on any American professional team. He is also a great leader, a fine defensive player and an outstanding halfback. Although last year he played six games as quarterback, he still ranked second in total yards gained rushing. Off the field Shatto looks like a young man on the way to a meeting of a junior chamber of commerce. Intelligent, poised and an excellent speaker, he is now an

## FEW RULES TO LEARN

Americans going to Canada have few new rules to learn. In Canadian football there are 12 men on a team and three instead of four downs. Blocking is prohibited 15 yards beyond the line of scrimmage but backs may move forward before the ball is snapped. The lone scoring variation is the one-point rouge, achieved when the ball is punted across the opponents' end-zone line. The end zones are 25 feet deep.

*continued*



## Sir Laurence Olivier! "Moon and Sixpence"! See the difference **Color** TV makes

FRIDAY, or THURSDAY, is the night TV history will be made. Sir Laurence Olivier, in his American TV debut, joins Hume Cronin, Jessica Fandy and an all-star cast in the Color TV production of W. Somerset Maugham's "Moon and Sixpence."

This saga of an immortal painter has been recorded on Color Videotape for those viewing TV critics who have pronounced the production have already hailed it as among the most outstanding TV shows of all time. They lavished praise on the cast, the story, the production, the direction. And those same critics have singled out the striking effective-

ness of the color. Brilliant paintings—the lush, tropical South Seas scenery—the brilliant native costumes—city life come alive on Color TV.

Don't miss this classic in "Living Color." Or the football games still to come. Or the stories of "Specials" and instant programs in color every day of every week. Color TV makes a wonderful difference on any show. See for yourself. See a demonstration at your RCA Victor dealer's. Or, better yet, call him now and have Color TV in your home in time for "Moon and Sixpence." Color TV prices as low as \$495.



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**RED BLOODY MARY:** 2 oz. vodka, 2 oz. tomato juice, several drops of Worcestershire, Tabasco, Talmers, dash salt, pepper, & lemon juice. Fill with ice, add Canada Dry Club Soda, stir gently. Has a livelier, sparkling taste.

**MOUNTAINOUS MARGARITA:** 2 oz. of whiskey, 1/2 oz. dry vermouth, dash bitters, add ice, stir 'til frosty cold. Top with Canada Dry Club Soda. Garnish with cherry or slice lemon peel. Drink slower with fresh flavor!

**MARTINI TALLBOY:** 1/2 oz. dry gin, dash bitters, cool with plenty of ice. Stopping drink with light, dry sparkling Canada Dry Club Soda. Garnish with onion. Drink twice as better. You wake up next morning feeling better, too!

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executive with Canada Dry, Limited.

Another young man who never played his last year of college football is Gerry McDougall, a third-string tailback at UCLA. He was one of the players found half guilty of overemphasis in the Pacific Coast Conference scandals of '56 and was sentenced to sit out half of the games during his senior year. Then he took part in a harmless prank which received undue publicity (It was open season on football players that year) and was suspended from school. Depressed and despondent, he sat in his apartment for weeks, looking at the walls. His wife, Arlette, had to quit her job; a child was due. Their savings were just about gone when, in March, a scout for the Hamilton Tiger-Cats said the club would help him get a job if he'd sign a contract. Gerry signed and went to Hamilton right away. He borrowed an overcoat from Jake Gaudaur, the president and general manager of the Tiger-Cats, and landed a job at the first place they sent him.

July came, and practice. Without the experience he would have gained in his senior year, with everything to lose—job, his wife's happiness, his last chance to prove himself—he pressed too hard. It was obvious that he was going to be cut from the squad.

And then McDougall made one of the most momentous offhand remarks in the history of Canadian football. "You know," he said in the locker room one day, "my father was born in Canada."

AFTER a moment of stunned silence Coach Jim Trimble and President Gaudaur both went for the phone. They called Gerry's mother in California, asked her to airmail proof of her late husband's Canadian birth. The precious documents arrived the day of the opening game. Gaudaur flew to Ottawa, the capital, with the papers, then rushed back with governmental approval. He rounded up a judge and dragged him to the stadium.

And there in the dressing room before the game, clad in his hip pads, Gerry McDougall was sworn in as a Canadian citizen.

Canadian McDougall was no longer competing with Americans to make the team, but with his new-found countrymen. The pressure was off.

continued



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McDougall, 6 feet 2, 218 pounds, fast and hard to bring down, went on from there to become the best back in Canadian football. Last year he led the league with 1,053 yards gained for an average of 5.9 per try, and scored two touchdowns in both the Grey Cup and All-Star games.

Off the field McDougall is sales representative for the Fruehauf Trailers Co., with Hamilton and environs his exclusive territory. Thanks to the canny foresight of Mc Dougall in being born in Nova Scotia, his son Gerry, at the age of 24, is now making over \$30,000 a year.

**N**ON-IMPORTS, like McDougall, are the most important players in Canada. The 12 Americans on each club can hardly play against each other efficiently for 60 minutes of two-way football. Thus football games are won in Canada today by the teams with the best Canadians. Both Winnipeg and Hamilton, which played for the Grey Cup the past two years and are picked to repeat this year, have enough good Canadians to play platoon football.

Some of these Canadians have familiar-sounding names. Buddy Tinsley, a Winnipeg co-captain, happens to be a Canadian from Waco, Texas. He never heard of Winnipeg until 1950, when he got an offer to come up and play. He looked the town up in an atlas. He is, of course, a naturalized citizen. Some of his counterpart countrymen are Vince Scott of Hamilton, John Bove of Ottawa, Nobby Wirkowski of Calgary, Rollie Miles of Edmonton and Chuck Quilter and By Bailey of Vancouver. Becoming naturalized is football insurance. It is pleasantly reassuring to 10-year veteran Vince Scott, for example, 34 years old, 5 feet 8 and 230 pounds, not to have to keep beating out those hungry American rookies, eight inches taller and 12 years younger.

Many more imports, year-round residents, intend to become citizens when their five-year waiting period is up. One of them, Hardiman Cureton, the All-America guard from UCLA, is a man without a country. He has been charged with draft evasion in the U.S., and there is a bench warrant out for his arrest if he steps over the border. He has a year and a half to go before he can become a naturalized Canadian. In the mean-

*continued*

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**YARDLEY AFTER SHAVING LOTION**

time he has a good position with the H. G. Barter and Son engineering and drafting concern, a new home and few regrets. "I love the change of seasons, the buds in the spring, the golden-brown leaves of autumn, the soft white snow in winter," he said quietly, staring at his hands, a little embarrassed at the words that came out of his mouth. "This is where my wife and I want to raise our children."

Canada, according to many of the Negro players, is a land almost without prejudice. Two—Johnny Bright and Rollie Miles—are teaching and coaching in white schools, something they could hardly do back home. As a matter of fact, it is easier for any player to have any job in Canada. Before the season begins, American clubs have a training and exhibition-game period that lasts two months, then practice every afternoon. In Canada, preseason training lasts only two to four weeks, and working players take their summer vacation to coincide with it. From then on they rarely miss a day's work, as football practice doesn't begin until 5:30 p.m.

"Even when we play what we call double-headers, games Saturday and Monday nights," Vancouver's By Bailey, a successful salesman, said, "we get back to Vancouver by 3 a.m. Tuesday. I'm at my desk at 9 a.m. sharp."

But though all these things—Curtis's golden-brown leaves and soft white snow, lack of prejudice, career opportunity—sound great, most players come to Canada originally for just one reason—money. Canadian teams give the rookie a bonus for signing, usually \$1,000, and after that pay bigger salaries than American teams for a shorter season.

"I was with Philadelphia, Detroit and the Chicago Cards for four years," Frank Tripecka, the old Notre Dame quarterback said, squirming in his chair with anguish, "and all that time I could have been getting four grand more a year up here! Sixteen thousand bucks! It still burns me up." Tripecka took over as head coach at Regina recently.

**I**n one case a Canadian team offered too much money and not only came close to losing a player but almost broke up a happy home. "I played four years for Jim Trimble on the Philadelphia Eagles," Ralph

continued



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Goldston, one of the best, and meanest, safety men in the game, said, "but when he left to coach Hamilton I was traded to Green Bay and got out. I called Jim and he told me he'd give me \$10,000. Hell, that was twice what he was paying me at Philadelphia. My wife said he was trying to make a fool out of me and told me not to go. When I did go she was so mad she wouldn't come to the airport with me. And then I got here and sure enough, I make \$10,000. But my wife and I don't mention it."

WIRAY CARLTON and his wife had an entirely different experience, thanks to Canadian football. Carlton, fast Duke halfback, was the third-round pick of the Philadelphia Eagles in the National Football League draft and was leaning in the direction of Philadelphia when Coach Hampton Pool of Toronto heard of his impending marriage. Pool promptly arranged a honeymoon cruise in the Caribbean for Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, with final destination Toronto. They accepted. Pool, incidentally, is a travel agent in Toronto; he got Carlton and 5% commission to boot.

After all that intrigue, Carlton did not make the team and quit football. Pool was fired. Pool has probably spent his commission, but Carlton, at last reports, still had his wife.

Though Canadian football may be more demanding in some respects, most of the Americans playing there don't really care much, one way or the other. "What the hell," a half dozen Imports have told me, "you block, you tackle. That's football."

To specialists like Jack Hill of Regina, however, leading scorer among the five western teams last year, there is a big difference in Canadian football. One of Hill's jobs is to run back punts. "There's no fair catch and your own men can't block for you. You can't let it go—even if you're behind your own goal line you got to catch the thing and try to run it out," he said with a little shudder. "The other team can't come within five yards of you until you catch the ball, then—boom! It's suicide."

The players who have the hardest time adjusting to Canadian football are linemen from split-T teams. Take the sad case of Corky Gaines, a guard from the University of South Carolina. At South Carolina they played

*continued*


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## CANADIAN FOOTBALL *continued*

possession football. The quarterback rarely calls an outside play, and if he throws a pass the coach throws him in the briar patch. All the offensive guard does, therefore, all game long, is run into the man ahead of him. But in the Canadian wide-open game the guard must also pull out and hit the end, pull out and lead the interference, and drop back and protect the passer. Though the sage of Montreal, Coach Peabody Walker, was willing



COVERED GREY CAT, held by Falcous as McDougall watches, symbolizes '57 win.

to keep Gaines on for his defensive ability at \$9,000 a year, the young man became so confused that he fled to a London, Ontario semipro team to play the same game for \$1,200.

Despite such tragedies, the Canadian game will most likely continue to attract many of the most sought-after American players. James E. Finks, who, after seven years as quarterback for the Pittsburgh Steelers and one year as backfield coach at Notre Dame is now the smooth young general manager of the Calgary Stampeders, summed it up this way:

"We're paying them more money and giving them more opportunity to play. Of the 25 men we bring to training camp, 17 are going to make the roster, and we can't afford to keep them on the bench. The fans are so knocked-out about football that every man, not just quarterback, is a hero in the community; they all get big buildups through press, radio and TV. What with our short season and no daytime practice, a man can really get started on a big career and have a hell of a lot of fun playing football at the same time."

END



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

## The readers take over

MAIL:

Sirs:

I would like to nominate not a Sports Illustrated Sportsman of the Year, but rather the Sportsman of the Year, the amazing Los Angeles Dodgers.

FREDRIC F. DOTY

Los Angeles

NO, WE DIDN'T SEE IT EITHER

Sirs:

I thought that possibly this news item might have escaped your staff:

Los Angeles, Oct. 8. Walter O'Malley of the victorious L.A. Dodgers tonight electrified the sports world with the statement that the Dodgers would not play in Memorial Coliseum next year, even though their new stadium will not be anywhere near ready. Reading from a prepared statement, the ebullient O'Malley spoke as follows: "We are naturally tremendously pleased with our victory and with the support that the loyal Los Angeles fans gave the team throughout the season, the playoff and the Series itself. Their continued trips through our turnstiles have certainly put this club way into the black. As everyone knows, although we are, of course, interested in making money, we prize more highly the game itself. We all know it is a monstrous fraud to play major league ball in the Coliseum. Therefore, although at some financial loss to ourselves, but in the interest of preserving the high tradition of a fine game, we are going to play the 1960 season in the properly proportioned Wrigley Field. We know that the parking situation is bad, the number of seats is limited and the location is bad, but there are covered seats for day games and we will televise locally all games at home so that those who are unable to squeeze in the park will be able to watch on the tube and, by thunder, what they will see will be real baseball!"

The standing ovation which greeted this announcement lasted for one full hour. Telegrams poured in from all over the world. Prince Rainier bid for the left field screen as a submarine net for his little harbor. The custodian of the Hall of Fame started rearranging things in preparation for a new star and the local mayor asked that the name be changed from Cooperstown to O'Malleyville.

I am typing this clipping from memory as I seem to have misplaced my copy of it. Fact is, none of my friends saw it in the paper, but I'm sure I didn't dream it. Or did I?

BILL BOLAND

Newport Beach, Calif.

continued



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### LAST ANGRY MAN

Sirs:

Mr. Ed Slattery's letter complaining of O'Malley's commercialism (19TH HOLE, Oct. 5) can and should be labeled *our* grapes. Since the Dodgers came to our fair city Mr. O'Malley has conducted himself and his team in the best interests of baseball and the fans of Los Angeles. Is Mr. O'Malley to be condemned because some of the members of the city council and our mayor wish to make him a present of the controversial Chavez Ravine? Is there another major league owner who would not accept the same gift from the taxpayers of Los Angeles if it were offered? I think not. However, let us consider the baseball we have had here in the last two years. It goes without saying that the L.A. Coliseum is not a good place for baseball. It was the only stadium available with a large seating capacity, so the Dodgers used it. Contrary to the predictions of the "experts" all home run records were not shattered or even approached. When the Dodgers first arrived, most eastern publications (including *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*) were dead set against us. However, most of them (especially *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*) have evaluated the change and now seem to think the change was for the better. If one can read between the lines in your coverage of the Dodgers this year, one can come to the conclusion that you are happy to see them in L.A.

If Mr. Slattery does not want to see the Dodgers play ball, this is his affair. However, after two years of residence in Los Angeles, the Dodgers have won the support of 99% of the baseball fans and the support of 100% of the people who were not fans before. We Angelenos do not have anything to gripe about.

BARRY J. WOLFE

Northridge, Calif

### GOOD HUNOR MAN

Sirs:

While others fall asleep nursing on small, pleasant bits of football gossip about Oklahoma's center Jim (Double Dip) Davis kicking the ice cream habit and reporting to football practice at a slim 210 pounds, *A Shout Case of Slender*, St. Oct. 5, we lie awake wondering why Double Dip had to kick the ice cream habit to lose this weight. Our roommate, Lance (Scoops) Farnsworth, center for the Dartmouth basketball team, finds that an intensive ice cream diet has no ill effects on his weight.

Six-foot eight-inch Lance was nicknamed Scoops by his teammates because he persisted in devouring extra scoops of ice cream at the training table. "True," says Scoops, "I can't shake the sherbet habit."

What we can't understand is why Double Dip has a weight problem when Scoops, a pint-a-night man, stays a trim 215 in and out of season. Speaking in terms of bulk, Scoops consumes 36 gallons of ice cream a year. This bulk figure not only includes his daily consumption, but an occasional weekend bout with a quart or a half gallon.

When asked how he maintained his lean and hungry look, he answered by

saying, "I always try to avoid peach and banana."

D. BORDEN POWERS

Hanover, N.H.

#### ON FIELD AND MOUND

Srs.

Concerning Meevin Hyman's remark (FOOTBALL'S 2ND WEEK, Oct. 5) that Pitt's Ivan Toney in the Southern California game "came close to being the first football player to be trampled to death," if my memory doesn't fail me, I recall that John Trice, tackle for Iowa State, was literally trampled to death in the Minnesota game of 1923. He died shortly after the game as the result of injuries sustained in attempting to break through interference on off-tackle play.

Concerning Reader Willis Foster's letter (19TH HOLE, Oct. 5) about a more equitable system of rating pitchers by comparing their won-lost averages with that of their team, such a system of rating pitchers was given in great detail in a series of booklets, *Keeps of the Mound*, issued annually for several years during the late '30s and early '40s. Walter Johnson rated very high. Eddie Reame had an extremely high rating for a couple of years in the '20s, when he was a "winning" pitcher with the last-place A's.

JOHN M. WHITE

University Park, N. Mex.

#### FOOTBALL: 49 AND 50

Srs.

Your college football preview was excellent, but what are the outlooks for the teams from our two newest states?

How do things look for the U. of Alaska and the U. of Hawaii?

GIL FEATHER

Bay City, Mich.

• The University of Alaska last fielded a football team in 1956, dropped the sport because of lack of competition but may resume in 1961, with Alaska Methodist University at Anchorage hopefully also getting on the field. The University of Hawaii at Honolulu plays an intercollegiate schedule against Southern Oregon, Idaho State, San Jose State, College of the Pacific, Los Angeles State, Fresno State, Arizona State and Utah State. The last five games are home games.—ED.

#### WELL, ALMOST NEVER

Srs.

In regard to Bill Stead's "It's never been done before" (TUESDAY, Oct. 5), I think if Bill will think back he will recall that Lou Fageol driving the *Sto-Mo-Stoo* I in competition did a complete back somersault at more than 100 mph and the boat came down on its sponsors to a halt. This was caught on film and is a spectacular shot, to say the least.

AL FORBES

Miami

• Stead was the first to stay with the boat; Fageol flipped clear and was injured.—ED.

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## Pat on the Back



**RICHARD K. MELLON**

### 'Thrill of a life'

Major General Richard King Mellon, U.S. Army Reserve, head of his family's oil, aluminum and banking empire, a prime mover in Pittsburgh's spectacular urban renewal effort and a devoted horseman and big-game hunter, is a modest man who avoids the limelight whenever possible. When, the other day, General Mellon was named Pittsburgh's Sportsman of the Year and invited to attend a banquet in his honor, he predictably declined, until the judge who was to serve as toastmaster issued a mock court order. The award came to Mellon on the 25th anniversary of his chairmanship of the

Rolling Rock Hunt charity race meeting at Ligonier, Pa., one of the outstanding steeplechase meets in the U.S. Over the years the two-day meets have earned more than \$300,000 for crippled children.

This year Mellon turned the reins over to a friend so he could attend the meet as a spectator—only to find himself in the limelight again. Venetian Glass, a 6-year-old mare selected last May by Mrs. Mellon in Dublin, ran off with the Gold Cup, the big race of the meet. Accepting the trophy, the general had to confess that he was "more thrilled than over anything that has happened in my life."

# A Man Who Knows How to Stuff an Elephant

Rowland Ward Ltd., taxidermists of London and Nairobi, are steeped in a tradition that balks at no challenge

by JOHN LOVESEY



PRESENT OWNER GERALD BEST, FOUNDER WARD (PORTRAIT) AND A BOAR

THREE STREETS of London are filled with many strange sights, but one of the strangest of all occurred one morning at the end of a dingy dead-end street called Leighton Place in the northern section of the city. There, from an oversize doorway of a rambling old building, emerged a huge bull elephant, standing on a wooden platform and towering over 10 workmen rolling it onto the street. As the startled bystanders quickly realized, the elephant was only a stuffed animal. But it was a spectacular example of the handiwork of one of the most unusual practitioners of taxidermy in the world, a 100-year-old firm called Rowland Ward Ltd. Even for them it was a rare job, the first stuffed elephant they had completed in nearly half a century. And, since they are one of the very few firms in the world equipped to take on such a gargantuan task, it was one of several stuffed elephants known to have been completed by anyone in the world for decades.

Out on Leighton Place, where it had been moved for crating and shipping, the elephant looked almost roughly real. This remarkable verisimilitude was a tribute to the craftsmanship of Rowland Ward and its ability to take on any kind of taxidermy job, no matter how great the demands. The elephant it had received had been shot less than a year ago in the Belgian Congo for the Belgian government, which wanted to exhibit it. When the skin was taken off, it weighed over 1,000 pounds and had to be carried by 60 husky natives. After curing, it was flown to London Airport, where Her Majesty's customs men held up the skin for a month.

When the skin arrived at Rowland Ward's factory, rolled like a piece of linoleum, it was a hardened, dry mass, in some places a good two inches thick. To make it suitable to work with, it was soaked for days in a solution consisting of water and carbolic acid. After soaking, the underside,

which had been previously reduced in thickness in Africa by about half, was tediously pared down to a quarter inch with drawknives. And at this stage no outsider could have imagined the truly lifelike model that would eventually emerge.

The wooden frame around which the elephant was built was a mass of short lengths of timber. In order to support the weight of the tusks, the skull itself was retained and incorporated in the frame. Over and around the whole structure went the modeling, layers and layers of wood wool, bound by twine and subjected constantly to measurement. The half-dome structure looked, as one wit put it, "like a shaggy elephant story."

Finally, the hide, which had meanwhile been kept immersed in water, was placed over the framework, with the aid of a tackle operated through an opening in the ceiling. At the base of the model the floor had to be dug away to a depth of two feet to give

*continued*



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#### ELEPHANT STUFFER continued

sufficient vertical height for the elephant. Once in position a second modeling process took place, during which the skin had to be constantly sprayed so that it remained pliable enough for the modelers to work with. Like so much formless rubber, it was pulled and pushed and tied into the correct folds and taut portions until the complete lot could dry and hold the desired shape by itself.



**SHAPING BY STAGES.** The women built wood and metal frame first, then use wool wool to fill out figure. The final act is to stretch moistened elephant hide over the frame and secure it by sewing.

The elephant had to be sewn up along the underside of the belly, the head and trunk and inside the legs. The color of the eyes was checked against real specimens kept in pickle at the London zoo.

Once the modelers had completed their work, the elephant had to be dried. Not so fast that the seams or even the skin itself ripped open but

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fast enough to allow the finishers to hide the skin's imperfections and color the body. The drying process took 10 weeks and the complete task from start to finish engaged for six months 10 men and one woman, who painted the eyes. The model weighed 1½ tons and measured 15 feet from the tips of its formidable tusks to its tail, and stood 10 feet at the shoulder.

But elephants, despite their size, are only a very small part of Rowland Ward's taxidermy business. In a year it handles from 4,000 to 5,000 individual hunters' trophies, mounting (the word "stuffed" is anathema to modern taxidermists) anything from a tiger or a lion to the smallest antelope in the world, the dik-dik. More than two-thirds of its customers are Americans.

Serious big-game hunters, such as film star Stewart Granger, send their trophies from every part of the globe. Museums from Scandinavia to Portugal to Australia have animals set up by them. Old heads, taken in the past, are also sent to be renovated.

Rowland Ward's factory storeroom is nearly overflowing with work. There is a production-line system, and one department, run almost entirely by a female staff, models and finishes all the smaller heads. Rowland Ward's bird modeler is described by a fellow craftsman as a "Van Dyck" in his field. Each craftsman has to rely on his own acquired knowledge of muscular position, sense of form, balance and color. Today Rowland Ward's taxidermists have brought their work, particularly in the finishing, where more modern ingredients are used in the coloring, to a fine peak that equals anything before attained by the firm. The company still operates, however, in the tradition of many another English firm—it takes its time meeting its business obligations.

But taxidermy is only a part of Rowland Ward's total business, which is 25 times as big as it was in 1947. It has various departments in its Grosvenor Street showrooms selling books and other objects relating to wildlife, big-game hunting and field sports. A postwar innovation has been a paintings and prints department. Another is an offshoot company, with two shops similar to the Grosvenor Street one, established in Nairobi. There Rowland Ward makes immediate contact with potential customers going on safari from all over the world. And, as in the past,

*continued*

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## ELEPHANT STUFFER continued

Rowland Ward answers the questions that are constantly referred to them.

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After 10 years with his father, Rowland won an extensive commission on his own account from an American. With the small capital he gained, he left his father and started his own business.

Ward made up his mind to study nature and adapt it to taxidermy. At the beginning he often worked far into the night, eventually dropping asleep on his workroom floor out of sheer exhaustion. When he was mod-

**BODY OF GIRAFFE**, a specimen from the Belgian Congo, is measured by worker.







HEAD OF GIRAFFE, actual skull of animal, protrudes through floor at Ward's.

elting an animal in a particular pose he would make frequent visits to the zoo before he obtained exactly what he wanted. Then from a drawing or a small wax model a life-size copy was reproduced in his workroom. Later he designed a "special naturalist's" camera which saved many of his zoo-going trips. He discovered and developed the use of wood wool as a foundation for his models. However, his greatest contribution to his firm was the use of wood and metal skeletons, over which was placed the modeling to represent the muscles and flesh. Rowland Ward likened his methods to those of a painter who paints his figure in the nude and then clothes it. In that way, said Ward, he achieved life, expression and action in his work.

Ward branched out in 1872 into another area, "Wardian Furniture," a style much admired in its day and still prized in certain gaming sets. He made lamps, the supports of which were composed of birds or quadrupeds. Thick elephant or rhinoceros hides were turned into a cloudy, amberlike material suitable for table tops. Elephant feet were made into liqueur stands, and a hall porter's chair was constructed from a complete elephant's skin. Ward also designed brooches, necklaces and earrings out of such things as tiger claws, elephant hair and fine metals. He made crocodile umbrella stands and silver-mounted table knives with

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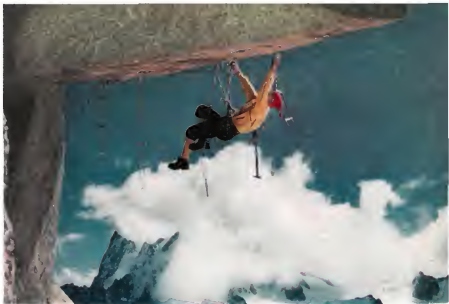
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